The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1929 NUMBER 750

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The Week

AT LAST someone is to go to prison because of the oil scandals of the Harding administration. The Supreme Court has upheld the decision sending Harry F. Sinclair, multimillionaire oil man, to jail for three months for contempt of the United States Senate. His offense was committed when he refused to answer questions put to him by Senator Walsh on behalf of the Senate Public Lands Committee, and the decision of the Supreme Court will enormously strengthen the power of the Senate to conduct investigations, a power which has shown itself to be a safeguard of great value. Three months is not a long sentence; many a poor man would consider himself lucky to get off with twice that much punishment for an offense incomparably less serious than Sinclair committed. Nevertheless, we have no doubt that even one day behind the bars will be a keener blow to him than would a fine of millions of dollars. With no personal animus against him, we hope that this will be the case. Morally, the oil scandals still remain unliquidated. Neither the principals involved, nor the Republican party which stood behind them, have ever acknowledged the enormity of the crime in which Sinclair was one of the chief participants. The criminal prosecutions growing directly out of the offense have failed because of the sentimentality and muddle-headedness of Washington juries; the restitution of the oil lands was expensive, but represented no greater loss than might have been incurred in the course of a disastrous private business venture. It was high time for the good of the nation that somebody should put on a prison uniform, and Sinclair serves that purpose well.

STRIKING similarities exist between the revolutions in Mexico and China. In both cases, the government seems at present to be winning its fight. In both, those who took the field included military men high in the councils of the central authority against which they have rebelled. In China, these were aided by Communist groups, and in Mexico, by several disaffected elements. The Calles-Gil regime has been immensely benefited by the support of the United States, while the Chinese Nationalists have gained a somewhat similar diplomatic victory through having settled the dispute with Japan over the Tsinan-fu affair. In both cases, the ending of hostilities will leave the government confronted by staggering tasks. Both are in financial straits; both will be embarrassed by the continued existence within their borders of large hostile elements which may be counted upon to exercise sabotage wherever possible. Both will need the friendly aid of the United States; and we are glad to report that there is good reason to believe they will have it.

THE MOST important feature of the Supreme Court decision refusing to upset the five-cent fare on the New York Interborough subway is its disavowal of jurisdiction by the federal courts and its reference of the question to the state courts. The New York Transit Commission, after denying that

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it had authority to interfere with the fare set by contract between the city and the operating company, had instituted suits in the state courts to prevent a threatened increase. Without waiting for the outcome of this litigation, the company hastily turned to a statutory United States court for an injunction providing for a high fare and against action by the state judiciary machinery. The Supreme Court declares that this order "was improvident and beyond the proper discretion of the court." It points out that "there had been abundant opportunity to test the point of law by appeal to the state courts," and further says, "the effect of the contracts, long the subject of serious disputation, depended upon the proper construction of state statutes—a matter primarily for determination by the lower courts." This refusal of the Supreme Court to intervene in a local question of regulation under the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment is highly praiseworthy and should be followed in other cases. The Court furthermore upholds the contentions of the city on other disputed points, holding what had seemed obvious to students of the subject—that the Interborough is making ample profit on its actual investment and should not be allowed to earn a return also on the property provided by the city, that the fact that it made an unwise contract with the elevated, which caused it great losses, does not entitle it to a larger return, and that its contract with the city appears to be valid.

A SINGLE issue of a New York newspaper last week contained thirteen items each of which dealt with an important development growing out of prohibition. Among them were the "I'm Alone" case, the affair of the two dry Congressmen accused of smuggling liquor into the United States, the killing of a woman in Illinois by prohibition agents, and the Wisconsin referendum. Several instances were reported where Coast Guard or Customs Service men had acted with brutality toward innocent citizens. A statement by government officials that 197 persons have been killed in fights between enforcement officers and bootleggers was disputed by spokesmen for the wets, who claim the number should be much larger, and that a large proportion of the victims of government agents were innocent. The gamut of the news ranges from these serious matters to the milder plight of a man on Long Island, several of whose rooms have been padlocked, separately, by federal agents. His family now has to use an outdoor stairway to get to the bedrooms, and several members have caught cold. He thinks a padlock or two might be removed to avoid this.

THE administration is evidently somewhat frightened by the bitterness of the public protest called forth by some of these recent events. Attorney-General Mitchell has made a speech, on Mr. Hoover's behalf, saying that from now on, federal men will enforce the law with some discretion. "Drives," so dear to the heart of the Anti-Saloon League, will be abolished. The constitutional rights of the individual will be strictly observed. This amounts to a promise of the *status quo ante*. Prohibition has never been enforced in most parts of the country, and is not now, and Mr. Mitchell politely promises, in effect, that this partial nullification will be continued for the present. After the great report has been made by the new Hoover commission—whose personnel is not yet announced—there will be three possible courses. The administration might conceivably decide that the law can and should be enforced and ask Congress for a third of a billion a year with which to do it. While such a course seems overwhelmingly unlikely, it is within the bounds of possibility, even if only as a temporary object-lesson to disgust the country with the law. Second, Mr. Hoover and his advisers might decide to inaugurate steps for a partial and limited restoration of the legal consumption of alcoholic liquor within the boundaries of the constitutional amendment. Third, and politically much more feasible than either of the other courses, the decision may be to continue and perhaps increase the present degree of tacit nullification. Mr. Hoover is not a fanatical dry. He is a practical politician, and he probably realizes that this policy contains the safest path to political survival.

STRIKES in the textile regions of Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina, cannot, in the main, be attributed to anything but the short-sighted policy of the employers. This view is emphasized by the varied circumstances of the labor trouble. In Tennessee, a strike in rayon mills had led the employers to grant an increase in wages. Though they agreed not to discriminate against the strikers, many were subsequently discharged. American Federation of Labor officials, on hand to preserve the rights of the workers and perfect their organization, were kidnapped and deported. In North Carolina, the workers are responding to strike calls issued by Communists—who are hostile to the A. F. of L. In South Carolina, the walk-outs seem to have been wholly spontaneous, and directed mainly against speed-up systems. Trouble in this whole region, in which the mills employ about 150,000 persons, has been brewing for a long time. Southern interests have been advertising in Northern financial and trade papers that their labor is paid low wages, works long hours, and is docile and unamenable to trade-union influence. It was supposed that because the workers are "100 per-cent Anglo-Saxon," they would tamely submit to the lowest pay and the longest hours existing in any great industry in the country. The disproof of this naïve assumption by the strikes emphasizes once more that labor unrest does not arise from wicked agitators or alien traditions, but is bred by industry itself, and that the only stable protection for the workers is organization. Employers cannot, in the long run, escape the obligation of collective bar-

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gaining by moving from one section to another, or by destroying the union at a favorable opportunity.

MISS JOAN LOWELL, author of "The Cradle of the Deep," turns out to be rather more a daughter of Munchausen than Neptune. Her book, a record-smashing best-seller, tells the story of her life from infancy until the age of seventeen on board a schooner commanded by her father, during which time she was allegedly bereft of all female companionship. Experts in sailing-ship navigation have pointed out numerous and glaring errors in her nautical terms, and others have jeered at such tales, in her book, as the shooting of the waterspout (with a rifle) the long swim from the burning ship through stormy seas to the lighthouse, and the descriptions of native customs among the South Sea Islanders which disappeared at least seventy-five years ago. Investigators have now unearthed the fact that Miss Lowell, instead of having acquired all her book-larnin' from the Bible and Bowditch, is a graduate of a high school in Berkeley, California; that her voyages must have been far fewer than she says and that her mother and a sister accompanied her on most, if not all, of them. Her publishers, and the Book-of-the-Month Club, which distributed her tale to its members, hasten to explain that the volume is not supposed to be autobiography, but a romanticized version of a girl's life at sea. This apology is hard to reconcile with the previous insistence that the story was authentic; but it is harder still to see how any intelligent adult could have read the manuscript and not detected the fact that it was transparent fiction. Or did its sponsors close their eyes to this, in view of the probability that they had a best-seller whose sales would be hurt by the advance announcement that most of it never happened?

IN ITS issue of March 6, The New Republic described the extraordinary case of Gangi Cero, a young Italian who is under sentence of death in Boston for a murder which he almost certainly did not commit. Cero was an employee and friend of an older man, Samuel Gallo, and they were walking on the street together. According to Cero's story, which is amply corroborated, Gallo drew out a revolver and shot an enemy of his, named Joseph Fantasia. Both Cero and Gallo then ran, in different directions; Cero was caught and Gallo was not. Gallo sent word to Cero in prison that if he would only keep still, he would be acquitted through Gallo's influence, and the young man trusted his friend and did not testify in his own behalf. He was found guilty by a jury which had but two bits of evidence against him: that he had run from the scene of the crime, and that he had kept silent during the trial. Only a few hours before he was to die, an investigation was set on foot. It was found that Gallo was a gangster, Cero was not. Gallo had a deep grievance against the murdered man, Cero had none. Several witnesses were found who said they had seen Gallo kill Fantasia. As a result of the investigation, Cero was reprieved, Gallo was tried for the murder and was found guilty.

THE CASE would seem, therefore, to be settled. Only one man committed the murder; the Assistant District Attorney in charge of the case admitted in court that the state had never contended it was a joint action. If Gallo is guilty, it seems certain that Cero is not. Yet the two men are now to be tried again, and together! Quite properly does Mr. F. Lauriston Bullard, of the Boston Herald, and special correspondent of The New York Times, say that "no parallel to this remarkable situation exists in the history of Massachusetts." For a legal policy which would otherwise seem utterly fantastic there is, we think, a solid explanation. To set Cero free now would be to admit that Massachusetts had come to the very brink of a frightful miscarriage of justice. Inevitably the question would be asked around the world, Did not a similar miscarriage take place in the still more celebrated case of Sacco and Vanzetti? The integrity of the judicial process must be maintained at all cost, even if it involves trying men, together, for a crime which only one committed, and for which both have been found guilty separately—one of them, on evidence which was shockingly inadequate.

THE LATEST action by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the field of railroad consolidation emphasizes that mergers are pursued just as much for the private profit of the promoters as for the purpose of creating a better transportation system. While the profit is sure, the public benefits are problematical. The Van Sweringens, having failed to secure permission to consummate their merger by making the Nickel Plate the center of the picture, turned to the Chesapeake and Ohio as the keystone. The Commission now permits the Chesapeake and Ohio to purchase from the Nickel Plate a block of Pere Marquette stock at a price which will yield the Nickel Plate a profit of 100 percent over what it paid for the stock. The control is not substantially changed, as Commissioner Eastman points out in his dissent, since the Van Sweringens already owned both the buying and the selling roads, but the book value of the investment is considerably boosted, and the roads will naturally strive to earn at least a "fair return" on this value. Furthermore, the Chesapeake and Ohio is authorized to issue new stock to its shareholders at par, although that stock will sell considerably higher on the market. This provides a profit to the owners; the road itself will get considerably less capital than the public will contribute, if the stock should not be held by those to whom it is issued. By such manipulations the promoters pile up their millions. The public will have to pay a return on the whole pyramided investment, unless the roads should fail to earn enough to maintain the capital values that are being created, and thus suffer through loss of credit.

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THE NEW English censorship, which is chiefly under the direction of Sir William Joynson-Hicks and the Home Office, seems to be extending its activities into other fields than that of pure morals. After the suppression of "The Well of Loneliness" and "The Sleeveless Errand"—it is said that uniformed policemen were sent to the homes of reviewers to collect the last stray copies of the latter—and after the seizure of the manuscript of a new volume by D. H. Lawrence in the mails, the Home Secretary has refused permission even for a private performance of the Russian film "Potemkin." Here the issue was clearly drawn; there was no question of obscenity or immorality, no possibility of corrupting the young; the whole question was purely political. His various acts have brought forth a flood of protesting letters from people of such divergent opinions as J. M. Keynes and T. S. Eliot, Harold Laski, Hilaire Belloc, and Arnold Bennett. The whole situation is interesting for its double reverberation in this country. In the first place, it encourages the publication here of possibly meretricious books, merely because "Jix" has suppressed them in England; in the second place, as was shown with "The Well of Loneliness," it stimulates the local censors to extend their activities.

Hoover Dodges Oil

WHEN will the world's oil resources give out? Some experts say in ten years, at the present rate of growth in consumption. Some predict that they will last much longer. No one can know with any certainty. But it is the very uncertainty which makes it necessary to conserve rigorously the present supply. Even those who are most optimistic (like Professor W. T. Thom, Jr., whose book, "Petroleum and Coal," has recently been published by the Princeton University Press) say that the supply may suffice for a good while only if we take intelligent measures to avoid waste.

Picture the rapid growth of oil utilization coming to a sudden halt when the last drop is pumped out of the last well, and you picture the sudden dying on the roads of over 20,000,000 automobile motors in the United States alone—motors which have changed the face of our civilization. Perhaps these and the aircraft could be supplied by some liquid coal product; perhaps the thousands of oil-burning and Diesel engines on railroads, in factories, power stations, and steamships, could be supplanted by coal plants. But only a few of them could turn without burning up their bearings. For there is no adequate substitute in sight for the lubricating oils that come from petroleum.

It may be said that this is a fantastic picture, that prices would rise sufficiently to discourage use and to make conservation so profitable that it would be universally practised, long before the last drop was reached. But the picture has a grotesque likeness to the grotesque reality. For although the main and long-time social problem arises from future scarcity of oil, the present problem facing the industry arises from surplus. You overproduce, sell at low prices and stimulate consumption and waste; thus you hasten the arrival of scarcity and high prices. The glut needs abating in order to minimize the effects of future exhaustion. We need a smoothed slope, not a climb up the heights followed by a plunge into the abyss.

The heads of the American oil industry, who after much urging finally got together and agreed to keep their 1929 production to the 1928 level, feel aggrieved because the government, with its oil-conservation policy, did not permit them to do so with immunity from the anti-trust laws. We believe they have no just complaint against the opinion of Attorney-General Mitchell, rendered in this matter. What Mr. Mitchell said has been much misunderstood. He did not say that the agreed policy was contrary to the anti-trust laws. He said merely that it was not within his power, or that of any other administrative official of the nation, to declare in advance of the decision of the courts that such action as the oil men contemplate is lawful. He could not well say anything else. Congress has never given him authority to do so.

Apparently the industry intends to go ahead with the plan, and let its legality be tested in the courts. When a decision is reached, it must be, roughly, one of two possibilities. The courts may conclude that the "restraint of trade" involved is unlawful. In this case, the first approach to conservation will be balked. Or they may decide that the restraint is "reasonable," in view of the public necessity for conservation, or is practised in a field over which the federal anti-trust laws have no jurisdiction. In this case, the oil companies may go ahead to monopolize and restrict production to their hearts' content, charging more or less what prices they please. Either outcome would be most unsatisfactory as a public policy. We need restriction of production and monopoly for purposes of conservation. But we also need to see that the monopoly is regulated in the public interest.

Mr. Hoover's failure to recommend legislation to this end is treachery to the obligations of one in his position. He, above all, is supposed to be the enemy of economic waste. He is supposed to be the great engineer who will bring industry to the service of the public. He dodges the obligation by saying that the problem is one for the states. But it will be difficult, if not impossible, to get the states into agreement in this matter, since there will always be the temptation for one or more of them with large oil fields to permit overproduction for the sake of the immediate revenue in taxation, while other oil-producing states serve the public interest by restricting production. Furthermore, state regulation of interstate industries has not been successful enough in the case of public utilities to encourage us to hope for much in this direction. State action is needed, but federal action is needed, too.

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Even the committee of the Federal Oil Conservation Board, which reported on the problem last year, went further than Mr. Hoover now shows signs of doing. Recognizing that the elimination of waste in the exploitation of an oil field requires an economic pool of competitors above ground to parallel the pool of oil under it, the committee recommended federal legislation to permit the coöperative development of fields. This would prevent undue haste to get the oil before your competitors do, the drilling of too many wells, the drilling of wells in the wrong places, and other tragically wasteful practices. The committee also recommended legislation to exempt the companies from the laws against agreements to restrict production during periods when, in the judgment of the government authorities, overproduction existed. It recommended similar legislation by the states.

While these recommendations did not go far enough, they at least faced the realities of the situation. Restriction of production without coöperative development of oil pools—even if it is possible—omits the major part of possible waste-elimination. It is at best a measure for avoiding evaporation in storage and fire risks, and a device to increase prices and profits. Restriction of production authorized by the courts on general principles, rather than permitted on appropriate and specific occasions by guardians of the public interest, would open the way to indefinite profiteering when oil becomes scarcer than it is now. Can it be that Mr. Hoover's engineering judgment on a problem such as this has been befuddled by superstitious adherence to the all-sufficiency of "private enterprise"? Will his antipathy to regulation overcome his common sense in the face of the first great economic puzzle which has confronted his administration?

Our Republican Court

PROBABLY nothing since Armistice Day has so shaken Washington society as the manful fight now being waged by Vice-President Curtis to have his sister, Mrs. Gann, receive the full panoply of social distinctions customarily bestowed upon the vice-presidential consort. Perhaps even a world war would not really mean so much to the salons of the capital, for whereas wars sooner or later come to an end, social precedents go on forever. The situation is one of almost inconceivable delicacy, for social Washington is a caste-ridden, precedent-worshiping city. One of the final products of the mighty mind of the retiring Secretary of State, who is commonly believed to have been a gentleman named Frank B. Kellogg, was a decision that Mrs. Gann should be seated at official dinners and other functions below the wives of ambassadors and foreign ministers rather than above them. This verdict was based upon the recommendation of the newly created Protocol Division of the Department of State, which draws its breath and its salaries for the sole and specific purpose of determining such matters. The sweating farmer in the Middle West or the hard-pressed grocer in the state of Maine may be interested to know that a tiny fraction of the income tax he pays to the federal government goes to this purpose. At any rate he is paying to support an institution—doubtless a necessary one if there is to be any official recognition of social functions—which would rank him, his wife and friends considerably further below the diplomatic corps than it ranks Mrs. Gann. But there is nothing new about this. Even the father of his country was concerned and perplexed by matters of presidential etiquette.

Mr. Curtis, at any rate, has raised no question of fundamental principle. He does not say that there should be no order of precedence. He does not propose a democratic society in which guests at dinner should be seated next to other guests with whom they might have something in common. He does not insist that dining out in Washington be made a pleasure. He merely stands up, with creditable loyalty, for his sister's rights. He has no wife or daughter. She is his only available relative. To this the Protocol Division has replied, speaking with the voice of former Secretary Kellogg, that Mrs. Gann is not, technically speaking, Mr. Curtis' lady. She is Mr. Gann's lady. The Division does not impeach the social charm of either Mr. or Mrs. Gann. There is nothing personal in its attitude. It works with the nice precision of a delicate machine. Throw a social problem into its hopper and out comes a formula. The resulting inconvenience and even heartburn is nothing in its young life. The individual must suffer, if necessary, in order that the State may live.

It may not be clear to the more humble order of citizens just what connection there is between the safety of the republic, on the one hand, and the order in which guests at an official reception are allowed to consume their cake and sandwiches. There are, in fact, two hierarchies at stake. One is that which belongs to purely American officialdom. A wife's position in Washington is determined solely by her husband's job. Socially she cannot rise above that job. Personality has nothing whatever to do with the situation. Popularity or its opposite is beside the question. A Congressman's wife is not as important as a Senator's, a Senator's is not as important as a Justice's. In matters like this women are as hard as nails. There is nothing in the world of business which is more downrightly primeval. It is curious that this should be so in a generation in which women are supposed to be persons in their own right, yet it is so. Washington society, and a good deal of society outside of Washington, still rests on the ancient assumption that woman is a chattel and that she derives her significance from the number of scalps or bearskins her lord and master has managed to pile up in his wigwam.

The other hierarchy is that of the diplomatic

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corps. A diplomat is supposed to be touchy about orders of precedence. It is, indeed, one of his functions to be so. He represents not merely the interests of his government, which are largely tangible, but its dignity, which is intangible and illimitable. This dignity rests upon such factors as population and wealth, and, if we are to be brutally frank, upon military and naval power. Therefore, we finally arrive at the principle that the wife of the ambassador or minister from a given country takes precedence over the wives of ambassadors or ministers from countries of inferior fighting power and in turn must yield precedence to those of superior fighting power. It is battleships and bayonets that go to dinner at our Republican court.

Mrs. Gann apparently ran foul both of local jealousies and diplomatic swagger. The British ambassador might perhaps be offended if his wife were compelled to sit below a lady so distantly related to the Vice-President. And because diplomacy is largely a matter of the moods and tempers of diplomats this might have embarrassed relations between our government and the British government. As this is written, the Vice-President is sticking manfully to his point and the Protocol Division is sticking with equal firmness, but in a somewhat sulky silence, to its own contention. Washington society, in the meantime, is perturbed by the fact that, until the matter is adjusted, hardly anyone can officially ask the Vice-President to dinner. If anyone asks him it must be because she thinks that he and his sister, and perhaps Mr. Gann, too, are charming people. And no formal social system can long endure the strain of giving dinners just for fun.

After the Mexican Revolution

AS THE weeks roll on, the passing of the Mexican rebellion to the inside pages of the dailies evidences its duration. The rebels' defeat was foreshadowed from the start. They never had a chance against the four-fold odds arrayed against them: (1) popular support of the government; (2) the prestige and leadership of ex-President Calles, called from the retirement of civilian life to assume the Secretaryship of War, and command of the army; (3) the loyalty of the majority of the army generals with their troops; (4) the cooperation of the United States.

Yes, the rebels had no chance. However, five weeks have already elapsed since, coincident with the inauguration of President Hoover, General Jesus Aguirre struck in Vera Cruz, and his *cuartelazo* was followed by others in Sinaloa, Sonora, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Durango and Nuevo Leon. Within a week Aguirre's forces were routed. He and his brother Simon have already been taken and dealt a merited fate before the firing squad. Monterey, lost for twenty-four hours, was recaptured. The federals have retaken Durango. But several generals are still in the field in widely separated parts of the country. They have strong bodies of troops and are putting up a stiff resistance. Four more weeks of active campaigning may safely be predicted, though nothing collapses quite so fast as a Mexican military *levantamiento* once the handwriting of defeat appears on the wall. And then, when the rebellion will have been officially crushed in perhaps nine weeks, as many months will elapse before the last band of rebels, frankly turned bandits, and emerging from sierra fastnesses to raid and pillage, has been exterminated.

Meanwhile the treason will have exacted an irremediable tribute. First, the spiritual destruction—the revelation before the whole world of the utter indecency, not of a handful of unknown and obscure ruffians, but of the men who have for a decade been conspicuously associated with the leadership of the Mexican Revolution! Painful as the exposition may be to Mexicans of idealism and patriotism like Calles, like President Portes Gil, like Sub-Secretary of Education Moises Saenz, who is now visiting the United States on a lecture tour, challenging as it surely is to Mexican revolutionary claims, the fact is there. Denial, extenuation, glossing over the brutal truth would be as fatal a therapy as covering up a purulent sore. No, cure alone lies in a thorough exposition, excision and drainage of the long-festering ulcer.

For surely, Mexico has come to the parting of the ways. For the third time in half a decade the fine reconstructive and redemptive program of the Revolution has been assaulted by the conscienceless and incredible treachery of those who were apparently dedicated to its consummation. Thrice, and with a repetitive identity that verges on the grotesque, those most favored by the government have rebelled against it. True, the very same practices both among military and civilian ushered in the national existence of Mexico a hundred years ago and continued for ninety years. But was not the Revolution a revolt against just those devastating practices of the past?

Second—the physical destruction. Three times in five years, just as the dawn of financial recuperation glimmered above the horizon, just as the possibility of real reconstruction—in schools, irrigation projects, highways, public works—unfolded its alluring and thrilling panorama, a handful of pretorians, drunk with power, debauched with illicit loot, gluttonous for more spoils, have plunged the Mexican people backward into the abyss. The labor of Sisyphus and the tortures of Tantalus were theirs and still are.

Despite the menace of rapacious militarism and politics, which are closely related, though the military aspect is the more dangerous, Mexico has made definite progress in the somewhat less than two decades of revolution. The basic agrarian reform, which has underlain Mexico's economy for four centuries, has entered the stage of execution, and has come to be recognized as both sound and

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essential. Labor has been given a chance to find itself—untrammeled except by its own errors due to inexperience. A gratifying beginning has been made with popular education. The same may be said for a national health program. And—ironically and tragically—the relative slenderness of accomplishment in each of these fields of prescribed revolutionary and reconstructive endeavor has been due to economic stringency, a stringency against which admirable administrative reorganization and careful retrenchments in many fields would have made great headway, but for the fatal politico-military treason of de la Huerta and the generals in 1923-4, of Serrano and Gomez in 1927, and of the present rebels. The politico-military problem, despite the efforts of Calles, has to date remained unsolved.

Why? Calles is a civilian. Obregon, Cincinnatus-like, left the plow when the treachery of the military—headed by General Victoriano Huerta—led to the formation of civilian battalions to recapture the government for the democratically-intentioned movement initiated by the murdered Francisco Madero. Why, then, have these leaders failed?

Essentially because the eighteen years of strife and near-chaos, following the four-hundred year heritage of rule by force, overwhelmed their civilian instincts and purposes. Launched against the autocracy and mail-fisted rule of Diaz by the civilian idealist Madero, the Revolution, like Frankenstein, has built its military machine monster, which it must destroy if it is not itself to be destroyed.

A recent article by Ernest Gruening in The New Republic, "The Recurring Rebellion in Mexico," brought into relief the necessity of drastic action by the Mexican government to prevent another recurrence of the tragic opera bouffe of military revolt. It pointed out, how, in past rebellions, the disloyal generals had been replaced by others not a whit better, who had repeated the treachery of their predecessors at the next opportunity. It showed how, for the first time, today, with a militantly friendly and sympathetic United States ambassador in Mexico City, the need for a national army to resist the possible aggressions of a traditionally feared American imperialism, had disappeared.

Whatever may have seemed to be Mexico's need of an army, that need, real or imagined, has been many times offset by the traditional character of that force, which, sworn to defend the nation, instead has consistently assaulted and robbed it. In his recently published "Mexico and Its Heritage," Dr. Gruening characterizes Mexico's military record in the Revolution to date as "treason to leaders to whom loyalty has been sworn, violation of solemn pledges, repudiation of espoused causes, unfaithfulness to avowed principles, in short, a betrayal of the country." A damning indictment, but obviously true!

In the face of that bitter truth, national self-preservation, perpetuation of all that is fine and needful for Mexicans in their revolutionary program, and elementary duty to the Mexican people, alike demand sweeping and radical action to eliminate the menace of the peculiarly Mexican type of militarism. The repeated failures to overcome it indicate that perhaps the task cannot be done by the Mexicans single-handed. In that case, no absurd consideration of national pride, no false notions of national dignity, should estop the government of Portes Gil and its successor from calling upon and utilizing to the fullest the aid of Ambassador Dwight Morrow, whose sympathy for Mexican aspirations and assiduous friendliness is firmly established in the hearts and minds of Mexicans. Indeed, it would be but quibbling with the verbiage of the patrioteer to hesitate at such a course, seeing that the aid of the United States has been called for and gratefully accepted by Mexican administrations in both the de la Huerta and present revolts. Meanwhile, Americans who fear that the United States may be interfering in a "Mexican civil war" may set their minds at rest. No popular issue, no question of civil rights, is even remotely involved. The problem is as much one of sanitation as the elimination of plague-carrying vermin. Mexico is recuperating from a chronic illness of centuries' duration. During this convalescence, she should be kept from needless re-infection. If she be willing that her neighbor lend a hand, what greater achievement in international coöperation and understanding can be conceived? It will be the work of a Rockefeller Institute in the field of national health applied to the body politic.

Specifically, Mexico must, as soon as the rebellion has been crushed, demobilize the army—even the loyal contingents—transforming that organization into a simple national constabulary, designed solely for internal policing. The *jefaturas politicas*—the military headquarters—with the great power and prestige they give the general in command of each, would then be abolished, and the whole system of graft and corruption in time of peace which fostered the intrigue and spoilsmanship that led to open rebellion done away with. Radical? Not any more than Mexico's agrarian reform. And no more difficult than that gigantic task, and just as essential.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1929, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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The Aims of Education

WHAT is the first commandment to be obeyed in any educational scheme? It is this: Do not teach too many subjects. The second command is this: What you teach, teach thoroughly. The devil in the scholastic world has assumed the form of a general education consisting of scraps of a large number of disconnected subjects; and, with the artfulness of the serpent, he has entrenched himself behind the entrance examinations of the universities.

Culture is activity of thought, and receptiveness to beauty, and humane feeling. Scraps of information have nothing to do with it. A merely well informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth. What we should aim at producing is men who possess both culture and expert knowledge in some special direction. Their expert knowledge will give them the ground to start from, and their culture will lead them as deep as philosophy and as high as art. We have to remember that the valuable intellectual development is self-development, and that it mostly takes place between the ages of sixteen and thirty. As to training, the most important part is given by mothers before the age of twelve. A saying due to Archbishop Temple illustrates my meaning. Surprise was expressed at the success in after-life of a man, who as a boy at Rugby had been somewhat undistinguished. He answered, "It is not what they are at eighteen, it is what they become afterwards that matters."

In training a child to activity of thought, above all things we must beware of what I will call "inert ideas"—that is to say, ideas that are merely received into the mind without being utilized, or tested, or thrown into fresh combinations.

In the history of education, the most striking phenomenon is that schools of learning, which at one epoch are alive with a ferment of genius, in a succeeding generation exhibit merely pedantry and routine. The reason is that they are overladen with inert ideas. Education with inert ideas is not only useless: it is, above all things, harmful—*Corruptio optimi, pessima.* Except at rare intervals of intellectual ferment, education in the past has been radically infected with inert ideas. That is the reason why uneducated clever women, who have seen much of the world, are in middle life so much the more cultured part of the community. They have been saved from this horrible burden of inert ideas. Every intellectual revolution which has ever stirred humanity into greatness has been a passionate protest against inert ideas. Then, alas, with pathetic ignorance of human psychology, it has proceeded by some educational scheme to bind humanity afresh with inert ideas of its own fashioning.

Let us now ask how in our system of education we are to guard against this mental dry rot. We recur to our two educational commandments, "Do not teach too many subjects," and again, "What you teach, teach thoroughly."

The result of teaching small parts of a large number of subjects is the passive reception of disconnected ideas, not illumined with any spark of vitality. Let the main ideas which are introduced into a child's education be few and important, and let them be thrown into every combination possible. The child should make them his own, and should understand their application here and now in the circumstances of his actual life. From the very beginning of his education, the child should experience the joy of discovery. The discovery which he has to make is that general ideas give an understanding of that stream of events which pours through his life, which is his life. By understanding I mean more than a mere logical analysis, though that is included. I mean "understanding" in the sense in which it is used in the French proverb, "To understand all is to forgive all." Pedants sneer at an education which is useful. But if education is not useful, what is it? Is it a talent, to be hidden away in a napkin? Of course, education should be useful, whatever your aim in life. It was useful to Saint Augustine and it was useful to Napoleon. It is useful, because understanding is useful.

I pass lightly over that understanding which should be given by the literary side of education. Nor do I wish to be supposed to pronounce on the relative merits of a classical or a modern curriculum. I would only remark that the understanding which we want is an understanding of an insistent present. The only use of a knowledge of the past is to equip us for the present. No more deadly harm can be done to young minds than by depreciation of the present. The present contains all that there is. It is holy ground; for it is the past, and it is the future. At the same time it must be observed that an age is no less past if it existed two hundred years ago than if it existed two thousand years ago. Do not be deceived by the pedantry of dates. The ages of Shakespeare and of Molière are no less past than are the ages of Sophocles and of Virgil. The communion of saints is a great and inspiring assemblage, but it has only one possible hall of meeting, and that is, the present; and the mere lapse of time through which any particular group of saints must travel to reach that meeting-place makes very little difference.

Passing now to the scientific and logical side of education, we remember that here also ideas which

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are not utilized are positively harmful. By utilizing an idea, I mean relating it to that stream, compounded of sense perceptions, feelings, hopes, desires, and of mental activities relating thought to thought, which forms our life. I can imagine a set of beings which might fortify their souls by passively reviewing disconnected ideas. Humanity is not built that way—except perhaps some editors of newspapers.

In scientific training, the first thing to do with an idea is to prove it. But allow me for one moment to extend the meaning of "prove"; I mean —to prove its worth. Now an idea is not worth much unless the propositions in which it is embodied are true. Accordingly an essential part of the proof of an idea is the proof, either by experiment or by logic, of the truth of the propositions. But it is not essential that this proof of the truth should constitute the first introduction to the idea. After all, its assertion by the authority of respectable teachers is sufficient evidence to begin with. In our first contact with a set of propositions, we commence by appreciating their importance. That is what we all do in after-life. We do not attempt, in the strict sense, to prove or to disprove anything, unless its importance makes it worthy of that honor. These two processes, of proof in the narrow sense, and of appreciation do not require a rigid separation in time. Both can be proceeded with nearly concurrently. But in so far as either process must have the priority, it should be that of appreciation by use.

Furthermore, we should not endeavor to use propositions in isolation. Emphatically I do not mean a neat little set of experiments to illustrate Proposition I and then the proof of Proposition I, a neat little set of experiments to illustrate Proposition II and then the proof of Proposition II, and so on to the end of the book. Nothing could be more boring. Interrelated truths are utilized *en bloc,* and the various propositions are employed in any order, and with any reiteration. Choose some important applications of your theoretical subject; and study them concurrently with the systematic theoretical exposition. Keep the theoretical exposition short and simple, but let it be strict and rigid so far as it goes. It should not be too long for it easily to be known with thoroughness and accuracy. The consequences of a plethora of half-digested theoretical knowledge are deplorable. Also the theory should not be muddled up with the practice. The child should have no doubt when it is proving and when it is utilizing. My point is that what is proved should be utilized, and that what is utilized should —so far as is practicable—be proved. I am far from asserting that proof and utilization are the same thing.

At this point, I can most directly carry forward my argument in the outward form of a digression. We are only just realizing that the art and science of education require a genius and a study of their own; and that this genius and this science are more than a bare knowledge of some branch of science or of literature. This truth was partially perceived in the past generation; and headmasters, somewhat crudely, were apt to supersede learning in their colleagues by requiring left-hand bowling and a taste for football. But culture is more than cricket, and more than football, and more than extent of knowledge.

Education is the acquisition of the art of the utilization of knowledge. This is an art very difficult to impart. Whenever a textbook is written of real educational worth, you may be quite certain that some reviewer will say that it will be difficult to teach from it. Of course it will be difficult to teach from it. If it were easy, the book ought to be burned; for it cannot be educational. In education, as elsewhere, the broad primrose path leads to a nasty place. This evil path is represented by a book or a set of lectures which will practically enable the student to learn by heart all the questions likely to be asked at the next external examination. And I may say in passing that no educational system is possible unless every question directly asked of a pupil at any examination is either framed or modified by the actual teacher of that pupil in that subject. The external assessor may report on the curriculum or on the performance of the pupils, but never should be allowed to ask the pupil a question which has not been strictly supervised by the actual teacher, or at least inspired by a long conference with him. There are a few exceptions to this rule, but they are exceptions, and could easily be allowed for under the general rule.

We now return to my previous point, that theoretical ideas should always find important applications within the pupil's curriculum. This is not an easy doctrine to apply, but a very hard one. It contains within itself the problem of keeping knowledge alive, of preventing it from becoming inert, which is the central problem of all education.

The best procedure will depend on several factors, none of which can be neglected, namely, the genius of the teacher, the intellectual type of the pupils, their prospects in life, the opportunities offered by the immediate surroundings of the school, and allied factors of this sort. It is for this reason that the uniform external examination is so deadly. We do not denounce it because we are cranks, and like denouncing established things. We are not so childish. Also, of course, such examinations have their use in testing slackness. Our reason of dislike is very definite and very practical. It kills the best part of culture. When you analyze in the light of experience the central task of education, you find that its successful accomplishment depends on a delicate adjustment of many variable factors. The reason is that we are dealing with human minds, and not with dead matter. The evocation of curiosity, of judgment, of the power of mastering a complicated tangle of circumstances, the use of the-

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ory in giving foresight in special cases—all these powers are not to be imparted by a set rule embodied in one schedule of examination subjects.

With good discipline, it is always possible to pump into the minds of a class a certain quantity of inert knowledge. You take a textbook and make them learn it. So far, so good. The child then knows how to solve a quadratic equation. But what is the point of teaching a child to solve a quadratic equation? There is a traditional answer to this question. It runs thus: The mind is an instrument, you first sharpen it, and then use it; the acquisition of the power of solving a quadratic equation is part of the process of sharpening the mind. Now there is just enough truth in this answer to have made it live through the ages. But for all its half-truth, it embodies a radical error which bids fair to stifle the genius of the modern world. I do not know who was first responsible for this analogy of the mind to a dead instrument. For aught I know, it may have been one of the seven wise men of Greece, or a committee of the whole lot of them. Whoever was the originator, there can be no doubt of the authority which it has acquired by the continuous approval which it has received from eminent persons. But whatever its weight of authority, whatever the high approval which it can quote, I have no hesitation in denouncing it as one of the most fatal, erroneous, and dangerous conceptions ever introduced into the theory of education. The mind is never passive; it is a perpetual activity, delicate, receptive, responsive to stimulus. You cannot postpone its life until you have sharpened it. Whatever interest attaches to your subject-matter must be evoked here and now; must be exercised here and now; whatever possibilities of mental life your teaching should impart must be exhibited here and now. That is the golden rule of education, and a very difficult rule to follow.

The difficulty is just this: the apprehension of general ideas, intellectual habits of mind, and pleasurable interest in mental achievement can be evoked by no form of words, however accurately adjusted. All practical teachers know that education is a patient process of the mastery of details, minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day. There is no royal road to learning through an airy path of brilliant generalizations. There is a proverb about the difficulty of seeing the wood because of the trees. That difficulty is exactly the point which I am enforcing. The problem of education is to make the pupil see the wood by means of the trees.

The solution which I am urging is to eradicate the fatal disconnection of subjects which kills the vitality of our modern curriculum. There is only one subject-matter for education, and that is Life in all its manifestations. Instead of this single unity, we offer children—Algebra, from which nothing follows; Geometry, from which nothing follows; Science, from which nothing follows; History, from which nothing follows; a couple of languages, never mastered; and lastly, most dreary of all, Literature, represented by plays of Shakespeare, with philological notes and short analyses of plot and character to be in substance committed to memory. Can such a list be said to represent Life, as it is known in the midst of the living of it? The best that can be said of it is that it is a rapid table of contents which a deity might run over in his mind while he was thinking of creating a world, and had not yet determined how to put it together.

A. N. WHITEHEAD.

The Nebulae

If any care, in time they'll tell
How this befell or that befell,
And inmost chaos miss again,
As men forever must with men.
Recall the gait, the curious face—
Even remember time and place,
How gay I seemed or how in funk,
How crabbéd, staid—alas, how drunk—
But, like my brothers bright or dull,
My world is worn within my skull;
Fair ladies who have never moved
Through life, I have annoyed—and loved;
Vast countries, that have never been
On maps, I have explored and seen;
Yestreve you met me? Did you see
How Artaxerxes walked with me?
"This was his life"? How tritely blind!
His life was always in his mind;
His senses summoned as with drums
To insensate millenniums;
Word overheard or thought half-guessed
Woke trumpets east, waved banners west,
Created myth most highly prized—
And lavishly particularized. . . .
The mind will fail, some time, some when;
The little candle lit in men
Will wink, as though it drooped the lid,
On what I said and what I did;
But where my dragon fancy fed
You'll know not, nor the fountainhead
From which to trace those fiery streams
That branched from sudden blinding dreams.
Nor could you filch the secret mirth,
All of earth, nor quite of earth—
The thing that was too good to keep,
Yet laughed at only in my sleep;
For still I wander, still I waste,
Still I touch and still I taste—
And still remains this overplus
In all men, and beguiling us. . . .
Look up then, lovely women and men,
Brutish, baffled, born again
By moments—O look up and see
The shimmer of the nebulæ
On the high night, down the blue well
Where, sprawled in mist, chimæras dwell—
More than mere stars of sparkling facet;
Intimations—oh, how tacit!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Who Gains by Speculation?

THE stock-market situation is recognized as dangerous. But the very interests which recognize the danger are so tied up with speculation that action is paralyzed and matters left to drift. Congress is urged to act. The Senate calls upon the Federal Reserve Board to check "illegitimate" speculation. The Board issues its stereotyped warning; the market slumps, rallies, and resumes its upward swing. "The sky's the limit!"

Aggressively triumphant, the speculators fight like tigers against restraining action. And why shouldn't they? The stakes are immense, speculation being now a major industry.

Who are the speculators? According to the president of the American Bankers' Association, "the whole nation is trading in stocks and bonds"—bootblacks, clerks, and millionaires. The impression one gets is that millions of Americans are speculating, and amassing fabulous profits. This belief is surprisingly pervasive, another proof of the myth-making power of the press-agents of prosperity.

Of the transactions on the New York Stock Exchange, about 25 percent are in lots of less than one hundred shares. On the basis of a 5,000,000-share day, small lots would equal 1,250,000 shares, an average of fifty shares per sale, meaning the participation of only 25,000 small speculators. Millions of shares are not millions of speculators.

Two New York Stock Exchange firms, doing more than 10 percent of the total business, have fewer than 12,000 active margin accounts, including branch-office clients. Commenting on this, the New York Journal of Commerce says:

"Even if the average account of these houses is larger than that of other brokers, these figures would indicate that there are probably not more than 250,000 active margin traders in the United States. There are doubtless several times as many comparatively inactive accounts. . . . Stock speculation remains a relatively select activity engaging the attention of several hundred thousand people at the most, even under the most active conditions."

Speculation, unlike the lottery, is not mass gambling, the price being still beyond the reach of most of the American people.

The "relatively select" character of speculation is emphasized by the distribution of speculative profits among the different income groups:

DISTRIBUTION OF SPECULATIVE PROFITS (1918-1927)

Income Group	*Amount*	*Percent*
Below $3,000	$1,033,393,449	7.1
$3,000-$10,000	3,837,552,168	26.3
Over $10,000	9,702,466,414	66.6

Source: Statistics of Income, 1918-1927 (Bureau of Internal Revenue)—"profits from the sale of real estate, stocks, bonds, etc.," and "capital net gain."

Judging by their 7.1 percent of the profits, people with incomes below $3,000—94 percent of the gainfully employed—do not speculate much and are usually "taken for a ride" when they do. Speculators are overwhelmingly of the upper middle-class and the very rich.

Stock speculation was never so large as in recent years. It has been said that, for the Stock Exchange to attain the relative activity of a single day during the Northern Pacific "corner," in 1901, it would be necessary now to have a 35,000,000-share day. But that was an exceptional episode, not comparable in scope and magnitude with the sustained speculation of recent years. Even the 1915-1920 speculation was moderate in comparison.

One way of measuring the growth in speculation is by means of the stamp-tax collections on the sale and transfer of stock:

THE GROWTH OF STOCK SPECULATION

(Stamp-Tax Collections on Stock Sales and Transfers)

Year	*Amount*	*Year*	*Amount*
1918	$2,236,040	1923	$9,871,604
1919	7,540,881	1924	7,936,831
1920	13,372,163	1925	12,808,629
1921	8,790,905	1926	17,137,185
1922	9,012,702	1927	16,674,102
	1928	$24,208,537	

Source: Bureau of Internal Revenue. Collections (fiscal years) include stock-exchange transactions only.

During these years production, trade and the national income increased between 30 and 40 percent, while the increase in stock speculation was apparently ten times larger.

The present frenzied speculation started in 1925. Stamp-tax collections in the "feverish speculative years" 1918-1920 amounted to $23,149,000, and to $70,828,000 in 1925-1928. Speculation in 1928 was twice as large as in 1925 and more than thrice the average for 1918-1920.

Stock sales on the New York Exchange increased from 453,795,000 in 1925 to 921,755,000 in 1928, as compared with 312,000,000 in 1919. Transactions on all the other exchanges increased proportionally. Brokers' loans on the New York Stock Exchange increased from $2,835,000 in April, 1926, to $6,800,000,000 in March, 1929, an unprecedented expansion. Collateral loans on stocks and bonds throughout the country now amount to more than $15,000,000,000; if we add a probable $5,000,000,000 in cash tied up in margins, we get the staggering sum of $20,000,000,000, which is mostly being used to carry on speculation.

Obviously this major industry of speculation is exceedingly prosperous. No other industry yields equally large profits. Agriculture, textiles and

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others may verge on bankruptcy, but speculation flourishes. While the net income of *all* corporations declined slightly in 1927 over 1923, the net income of financial institutions (other than insurance) increased 93 percent—from $643,000,000 to $1,244,000,000. The profits of 1,042 industrial and commercial corporations in 1928 increased 17 percent over 1927, against 70 percent for financial institutions.

Speculative profits reported by income-taxpayers in 1925-1927 increased 250 percent over 1918-1920 —from $2,311,091,000 to $8,122,268,000, while corporate dividends increased only 85 percent.

The earnings of brokers on the New York Stock Exchange in 1928 amounted to more than $400,000,000, an average of $367,000 for each of the 1,100 members, exclusive of speculative profits.

There is no way of ascertaining the enormous profits of the small clique of professional speculators. Unlike their predecessors of thirty years ago, they are comparatively retiring and secretive. One of these speculators loses millions manufacturing automobiles, but recoups himself by the simple expedient of "cleaning up" in the stock market.

Incomes in the $10,000-up class in the five years 1923-1927 reported profits of $8,115,000,000 from the sale of real estate, stocks and bonds, etc., of which $2,312,000,000 was received in the one year 1927. These big-time speculators have, since 1923, received an average of 75 percent of all speculative profits revealed in the income-tax reports. During 1928, cash, not paper speculative profits, probably ranged between $3,000,000,000 and $4,000,000,000. Considering the stakes, is it any wonder that speculation flourishes?

But while speculation flourishes, mass prosperity is comparatively stagnant.

The press-agents of "the new capitalism" insist that speculation is merely an expression of increasing prosperity diffused among the mass of the people. They claim that American industry is now so organized that production is being continuously, and necessarily, enlarged by higher wages and a more equal distribution of income increasing mass purchasing power. Unfortunately for this claim, however, the frenzied speculation prevailing since 1925 coincides with a relative decline of prosperity measured in terms of the production and mass consumption of goods. Post-war prosperity reached its peak in 1923 when, owing largely to higher real wages and a decline in the concentration of income, mass purchasing power, and consumption, increased substantially. But, in 1924, there was a minor cyclical depression, and while business recovered in 1925, prosperity has since been below the 1923 levels. Consider some of the facts:

The value of manufactured products, according to the Census of Manufactures, decreased 0.2 percent between 1925 and 1927. Allowing for lower prices, there was a slight increase in production on a quantitative basis, but this gain was absorbed by larger exports of manufactures. While production in 1927 increased 3.3 percent in value over 1923, this was offset by population growth and larger exports. Retail trade, according to the Federal Reserve Board, increased only 1 percent in 1928 over 1927, which was a year of minor cyclical depression. Production and distribution, relatively, have been at a stand-still since 1923. Moreover, real wages are practically stationary, while technological unemployment is serious: in 1927, there were 417,000 fewer wage-earners in manufacturing than in 1923.

Clearly, flourishing speculation is not accompanied by mass prosperity, nor is American industry producing the steadily increasing mass consumption of which the press-agents of prosperity boast.

Nor is flourishing speculation accompanied by general business prosperity. Corporate net income declined from $9,583,000,000 in 1925 to $8,068,000,000 in 1927. Commercial failures increased almost 25 percent in 1928 over 1927.

Why, then, does speculation flourish? Among many complicating factors, three are of crucial importance in the present situation:

1. Since 1923, technological improvements have not materially increased production, but they have increased the production of dominant industrial combinations. The result has been the concentration of prosperity and profits in the larger corporations, a development accelerated by innumerable mergers. Corporations reporting deficits increased from 42 percent in 1923 to 45 percent in 1927, while corporations reporting net incomes of $1,000,000 and up, less than 0.3 percent of all corporations, received 47 percent of corporate net income in 1923, and 54 percent in 1926. The fact that 527 of the larger manufacturing and trading corporations increased their net profits 21.6 percent in 1928, according to the National City Bank, indicates that the concentration of corporate profits is still proceeding. These developments have naturally produced speculation in the stocks of the super-prosperous corporations, affected other stocks, and forced average yields below 3½ percent.

2. The concentration of corporate profits has placed enormous financial resources at the disposal of the larger corporations. Of the total corporate surplus in 1926, 47 percent, or $16,525,000,000, was in the hands of 1,086 corporations, 0.3 percent of the total. Much of this concentrated surplus has been unable to find legitimate investment, owing to comparatively stagnant business, and has been put to work in the stock market earning more than ordinary investment now offers. Brokers' loans "for others," mostly corporations, have increased from $600,000,000, in 1926, to almost $3,000,000,000. Corporate surplus funds are a crucial force sustaining speculation.

3. Since 1923, there has been a decided upswing in the concentration of income. Incomes of $5,000 and up received 14.6 percent of the national income in

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1923, and 19.6 percent in 1927: an increase of 35 percent. The national income increased 20 percent in 1927 over 1923, or $13,500,000, of which incomes below $5,000—98 percent of the gainfully employed—received approximately $7,500,000,000, a gain of 13 percent, while incomes of $5,000 and up received $6,000,000,000, a gain of 59 percent. Since the gain of $7,500,000,000 by the lower incomes was itself unequally distributed and these incomes increased by 3,000,000, mass purchasing power decreased relatively, while the incomes of the more wealthy increased beyond their consumptive needs and the needs of legitimate investment. Stagnant mass purchasing power slowed down industry, compelling much of the surplus money of the larger incomes to flow into speculation.

The prevailing speculation is not a sign of increasing prosperity, but of a stand-still in mass prosperity. Yet Chairman McFadden of the House Banking Committee had the audacity recently to declare that efforts to curb speculation "endangered the pay envelope of the working man and the profits of the business man." On the contrary, it is because the pay envelope of the working man and the profits of the small business man are comparatively shrinking that speculation flourishes and its stakes become more profitable than legitimate industry.

LEWIS COREY.

The Odyssey of a Sick Man

ABOUT a year ago, Mr. Odysseus, a middle-aged civil engineer who lives in a large western city, began to be bothered quite frequently by pains in his middle. Aches and pains he had felt before, so he was not particularly worried about these. He would probably have forgotten all about them if they hadn't been accompanied by a mysterious swelling of the lips. But this odd combination of symptoms interested him, and he decided to consult a doctor.

The doctor he visited first was ill, so he went to a skin specialist, in the hope that the cause of his trouble might be traced by way of the swollen lips. This specialist prescribed a salve, a white salve, for application to the lips every night. So before going to bed Mr. Odysseus dabbed some of this salve all around his mouth, and it gave him comfort. But when he rose next morning, he found that the white salve would not come off. It stuck to him through breakfast and until he got to a barber shop. The barber finally got the ointment off after half an hour of rubbing, and then shaved him. This process was repeated several days, but the swelling didn't go down.

When the first doctor had recovered, Mr. Odysseus hastened to see him, and learned that the swollen lips were caused by too much acid in his system, and that they could never have been cured with salve. By following the doctor's directions carefully, he eliminated the cause of the swollen lips in a very few days. But the pain in his middle did not abate.

"What about the pain?" he asked. "I don't know," said the doctor. "That's not in my line."

So he went to another specialist. This gentleman thought the pain might indicate appendicitis, or something of that nature, and recommended a complete gastro-intestinal X-ray series.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Odysseus.

"It's a series of pictures of your insides," said the doctor.

"What do I have to do to get it?" asked Mr. Odysseus.

The doctor explained that he would have to rise at three o'clock in the morning and swallow a quarter-pound of barium salts mixed with Cream of Wheat, and then report for his first photograph at nine o'clock, six hours later. Other photographs would be taken at intervals during three days.

"I'm a busy man," said Mr. Odysseus. "Do you think it would really locate the trouble?"

"I don't know," said the doctor. "It might."

Mr. Odysseus went home to think it over, and finally decided to drop around and chat with a friend of his, a general practitioner.

"Odysseus," said the general practitioner, after examining him, "do you realize that you have a hernia?"

"No," said Odysseus. "Is that what's been causing the pain?"

"I don't know," said his friend, "but it should be fixed."

So. Mr. Odysseus was trotted off to a hospital, where his hernia was fixed and where he spent a pleasant, if expensive, three weeks.

But the pain continued.

The hernia doctor said that he didn't know what caused it. "It's not in my line," he said. "Why don't you go to see a genito-urinary specialist?"

Mr. Odysseus went to see a genito-urinary specialist. This gentleman did many scandalous things to him. He thought there might be a stone in Mr. Odysseus' bladder, or in his kidneys, or that there might be a tumor somewhere. He poked little electric lights here and there within Mr. Odysseus, and had a good search. But he found nothing.

"Maybe you've got something wrong with your bowels," he suggested, smiling.

"Maybe I have," agreed Mr. Odysseus. "Why don't you see?"

"Oh, that's not in my line," said the genito-urinary specialist. "You ought to see a specialist."

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Mr. Odysseus then went to see a dealer in bowels, a specialist in rectal diseases, whom the genito-urinary specialist had recommended.

"You have hemorrhoids," said the bowel man. "I can fix you up all right, but it will take from four to six weeks."

"Will it cure the pain?" asked Mr. Odysseus.

"I don't know," said the bowel man. "Pain's not in my line. It might, though. It would be interesting to find out."

Mr. Odysseus said he thought it would be interesting, all right, but guessed he'd think it over, and went back to have a talk with the hernia man.

"Now tell me honestly," he implored. "If you were I, would you have your hemorrhoids treated?"

The hernia man was a strictly ethical physician; which means that he would never give the lie to a fellow physician. But he was also Odysseus' friend. So he twiddled his thumbs, and gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

"Odysseus," he said finally, "why don't you have your teeth X-rayed?"

Odysseus took the hint. But, instead of having his teeth X-rayed immediately, he decided to visit a general diagnostician. He was asked hundreds of questions by the diagnostician, who finally reached a conclusion.

"Your trouble is caused by inflammation of the periosteum," he said. "And the periosteum is only inflamed when pus is discharged into the blood. Therefore, pus *is* being discharged into the blood. The problem is to find out where."

He had reached this decision by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* very popular among diagnosticians, by eliminating every conceivable disease—measles, cirrhosis of the liver, spinal meningitis, and so on—until nothing was left but inflammation of the periosteum. This method appealed to Mr. Odysseus' engineering mind. The diagnostician then gave him the names of two physicians, who would conduct the search for pus: one a specialist in diseases of the nose and throat; the other a dentist specializing in X-ray work.

"You mean 'eye, ear, nose and throat' don't you?" inquired Mr. Odysseus.

"No," said the diagnostician. "Just nose and throat. The field has been narrowed."

"Oh," said Mr. Odysseus. "I suppose you even have specialists in diseases of the navel now?"

"Yes," said the diagnostician.

Mr. Odysseus then realized that his sarcasm was not sarcasm, and withdrew.

The first of the new specialists clapped the X-ray apparatus to Odysseus' head, pulled a switch, released him, and told him to return in three days. Odysseus plodded wearily back on the appointed day, to learn that his ethmoid antrum showed cloudy in the picture—indicating an inflamed and congested condition—and that his tonsils were filled with pus.

"Better let me take them out," urged the specialist, "and open up the antrum." "H'm," murmured Odysseus. "I'll think it over."

He left, and visited the dentist who specialized in X-rays. The dentist, at the end of the usual three days, informed him that he had an abscess at the root of one of his teeth—an abscess which, he explained, was pumping quantities of poison into his system. He recommended that the tooth be removed, also that the rest be scraped clear to the roots, as they all showed traces of pus.

Pus, then, was being dumped into his system from every part of his head. He wondered, though only for a moment, whether he wouldn't save time by having his whole head cut off. At any rate, he could check with his own dentist and see whether things were really so bad.

"You've got one bad tooth that ought to be yanked," said his own dentist. "The rest are in good condition."

"All right," said Odysseus. "Yank it." And this was done.

He waited for a little while, just to see whether the absence of the tooth would make the pain diminish. It did not. So he went back to the antrum doctor. But this chap was so obviously anxious to do some operating that Mr. Odysseus decided to make another check. He went back to his friend and ally, the hernia man, for advice and consolation. "Will you X-ray me and tell me whether my ethmoid antrum should be drained?" he implored.

The hernia man X-rayed him.

"Your antrum is in fine condition," he said. "Why?"

"Oh," sighed Odysseus, "someone said it might be causing my pain."

"But your tonsils are in terrible shape," said the hernia friend.

"All right," said Odysseus. "Let's have them out."

Mr. Odysseus is now well recovered from his tonsillotomy, and is feeling fairly well. The only trouble is that he has spent somewhere between five hundred and a thousand dollars and still has the pain in his middle.

PHILIP WAGNER.

Four Molds or Seven—

If I could chart my life by days, not years
There might be four, or seven perhaps at most,
To give the range of what my spirit hears,
The neatly bounded area where my ghost
If flesh or out of it, has traveled—staid;
Four molds or seven to hold all beauty, heat,
Panic or blinded eyes or hands afraid,
Rhythms recurring with no missing beat.
They weary me; I know them as they start,
But I can think of lives so stormy, vast,
That boundaries are uprooted and the chart
Is lost in patterns new until the last;
Not squared as mine and measured long ago,
With but one left whose end I do not know.

HORTENSE FLEXNER.

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Washington Notes

WITHIN a few days now Mr. Hoover, whose "co-ordinating" mind has been functioning smoothly for five fairly serene White House weeks, quietly effecting various more or less radical reorganizations in the executive methods and some real reversals of the so-called Coolidge policies—in a few days now Mr. Hoover, or "The Chief," as he is called by the handsome secretariat, will meet the first real test of his mettle in a new field. In fact, soon after this piece is printed he will have Congress on his hands in the first extra session since Woodrow Wilson went out of office. Up to date, Mr. Hoover as President has had the sort of job to which he has been accustomed, for which he has been trained and in which he is an acknowledged success—to wit, that of the big business executive, whose decisions are the law and whose words are not questioned. But that is not the sort of job the presidency is. It might mean better management if it were, but that is not the kind of country we have nor the kind we want to have—and, whatever the price in efficiency, it seems worth paying it to be free of the fear of dictators and to live under at least the semblance of democracy rather than autocracy.

Under our system, the true measure of a successful President, the mark of strength and power and leadership, is the degree of his success in dealing with Congress and his ability to secure favorable action on administration recommendations. I should explain that by successful I do not mean popular. I am perfectly well aware that the way to presidential popularity is not to drive but to sit still—at least, in the absence of national crisis and in a period of prosperity. Any clear analysis of the almost unprecedented Coolidge popularity reveals it as due principally to the fact that Mr. Coolidge not only did nothing but did not try to do anything about anything—prohibition, oil conservation, agriculture, coal legislation, railroad consolidation, tariff, World Court. Of course a prolonged period of such utter negation in the White House would strangle the country with its own problems. It is a part of the almost incredible Coolidge luck that he ceased to be President at a time when the accumulation of postponed problems had reached a point where action could no longer be deferred. Something has now got to be done—and it has got to be done, not by the President working alone, but by congressional coöperation with the White House, a thing we have been entirely without for five years past.

This is why I say the real test of the Hoover mettle as a President is at hand. Before next week his first message will have been published and the reaction of the country may be clear, though I doubt it. We are impressively told by the learned publicists who hover close to the executive offices and proudly profess closer relations with "The Chief" than those that mark the White House press conferences (now attended by about half as many correspondents as gathered those first two weeks), that the message will deal largely with the tariff and farm relief. That is not news—or rather, ought not to be. It would, in fact, be amazing if the message dealt with anything else, since the extra session was called for the purpose of dealing with these subjects. The interesting thing is not what subjects the Hoover message deals with, but how it deals with them. And more interesting even than how he treats them in his message is how he follows up the broad generalities therein contained, since in the nature of things he is compelled to confine himself to a statement of principles without details. We can take it for granted, I think, that the message will be thoughtful and will be economically sound. Being thoughtful and sound are the basic assets of "The Chief," and all save the most jaundiced critics concede these to him. But being thoughtful and sound, either in the presidential recommendations made to Congress or in the presidential attitude in the conferences with the "corps of correspondents," is not going to solve the prickly problems left in the Hoover lap by the canny inertia of the good Calvin.

There is no way to solve these problems except by the forceful direction of Congress through an effective party leadership. If Mr. Hoover is going to be a successful President, he must supply this leadership. From him a great deal is expected. The old alibi about the constitutional separation of the executive from the legislative branch of the government will be wholly inadequate to cover failure of his administration program.

There is a slightly sour feeling in the country today, that makes non-delivery of the goods by "The Chief" a very risky business for him. The slump in the stock market, the passage of the Jones law, various unpleasant prohibition-enforcement incidents recently come to light, the extra session of Congress, and some other things, combine to take the edge off that broad tolerance of the past five years which let anything get by, and have put people in a rather critical frame of mind generally. If by "keeping hands off," declining to "dictate to Congress," placing upon it "the responsibility of framing as well as passing the laws"—if, through the President's following such a course, Congress makes a mess of things, as it surely will, I do not believe the people will do as they have done under Coolidge—blame Congress. I believe they will blame Hoover, largely because they expect so much from him. He suffers from that superman stuff. He can't sit back. He has got to perform.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Words for Spring Flowers

These are delicate and in haste,
All too fragile . . . brief and chaste
Patterns the wind and time will waste.

Look! . . . . Even now they are hasting by,
Over an earth, under a sky
That will forget them where they lie.

Say, only, words as brief as they,
As delicate and hasting . . . say
Words that the wind will bear away . . . .

DAVID MORTON.

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Mrs. Fiske and Another Revival

Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, by Harry James Smith. Klaw Theater. April 1, 1929.

IN ROMANTIC passages Mrs. Fiske has always been unhappy, self-conscious, brittle. In serious drama, where the effect is meant to be full and sonorous, or declamatory or florid or formal, her performance is restricted and patently across the grain—she can never use a full palette, never turn to the orchestral, never recite. The limitation is far within, of course, rooted in the depths of character and temperament and culture; but outwardly her work in such effects is limited by her peculiar rhythm, in speech and movement, a movement curiously inflexible, broken and variable, and by the vocal equipment, which had neither volume nor continuity of tone. In passages where the quality is restrained, muted, the poetry of it a concentrated prose that achieves poetic intensity—the place, for example, in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" where Tess enters a moment after the murder and drops the knife behind the dresser, or in some of the Ibsen climaxes—Mrs. Fiske's power is extraordinary and wholly her own. It is the excellence of her defects elsewhere, and some of its peculiar pathos and unforgettability derives from the sources of the other defeat.

In comedy, her own kind of comedy, she is unique. Her mannerisms are right for it, her mind seems free and happy in it, her personality is underscored and compelling. You see her in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," a play revived from two decades back, and without any decision as to what it quite means to be, whether a farce, a social comedy or what; you see her company, which is not very good, and her setting, which is reminiscent of bad days when sets were ordered from scene-painting establishments, but not intentionally or wittily reminiscent; and you try to state for yourself what these things are, then, that make Mrs. Fiske's playing so absorbing and unique. The performance she gives needs marking up here and there, as in the first act, for example, when Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh is expressing herself on the vulgar horrors of America, her native land that she has left for the cultured life of English society. This is needed in order to balance with more fun and drama the scenes where she is facing plain facts like her mother's manners, or where she is brought to earth with the exhuming of old Dick Sales, her father and the maker of famous panaceas. The same marking is needed for the places in which the solid character and pluck of Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh appears, the scars of the battles she has fought to raise herself from the slough of Missionary Loop. Indeed, the whole lay-out of the play in its stage possibilities appears to be curiously unstudied both by Mrs. Fiske and by the production in general.

And with that said, the fact remains that there is something about this performance of Mrs. Fiske's that is incandescent—an entrance, a movement, a tone, a scene with the mother or with the butler or maid, a memory from the past flitting through the lady's mind, a crackle in the heavy veneer that she has so arduously acquired—there is something radiant and exciting, exhilarating and pure theater. When the tombstone man, her former swain, on whose lap she has sat so often in Missionary Loop days, solicits her business for the day that must come at last to all of us, and she says, "Alas, yes! Alas, yes!"; when swift little shadings come by us and are as quickly gone; when some combination of deviltry and reflection colors the lines—at these and a hundred other moments you know that nobody but this actress could be the creator. You perceive their surprise and their indefinable remoteness. You get a strange sense of the remote and solitary, which is the sign of a piece of art complete in itself and alive. You want to defend her; you lean forward on your seat, hoping that the next instant she may clinch as her own and then the next, and that she may reveal her full mind and find delight in it.

II

It takes you a very little while to discern that this play of Mrs. Fiske's is heavily dated. By no chance could it have been written in this year of Broadway. And presently you decide all over again, what a puzzle the theater is.

Here are three people, Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, Mr. George Tyler, all recognized in their positions, as actors, managers, producers, directors. How do you explain it when they take a play whose ideas and speeches and dramatic articulation are twenty years old and in quality even older perhaps, a piece that creaks with its superannuated technical machinery, and that speaks a different language in diction and thought from nowadays, and do what they have done? If you cannot find anything else, any other vehicle for a distinguished actress, if, in sum, you are producing "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" with Mrs. Fiske, one thing you could do would be to take the play as it stands, costumes and all, admit its period and give it its contemporaneous aspect in every way. I mean no guying or fanciful tongue-in-cheek treatment, such as we have had in revivals like that of "Fashion" at the Provincetown Playhouse or at the Old Rialto in Hoboken and now at the People's Theater in the Bowery, but perfectly bona-fide production, such as you might give to Molière or Sheridan. And after all, to keep "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" bona-fide need not be so difficult; the mentality of most of the actors and of most of the audience would be comfortable enough in the conceptions of twenty years back.

But no. There is something in the theater temperament that must be otherwise, and must conceive itself as in the latest mode, as an instance of the fashions and life we see around us, but more glamorous and pointed. With clothes and apartments that went with their sentiments, Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh's hosts, the Rawsons, might be more diverting and less banal. If they spoke of the Rawsons of Long Island, their pedigree, pride, and horror of publicity, in trailing skirts, big hats and so on, we might swallow more easily the dramatic craft of their scenes, and might even believe that these same Rawsons have not had pictures of themselves and their mattresses in the papers, or their faces and the cold cream that keeps them what they are. It must be confessed that Mrs. Fiske's own appearance this season is a charming triumph, but how many varieties of humor she might add to her performance if her Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh shared the same generation with the

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ideas and maneuvers that the author contrives for her!

If you refuse to produce "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" in costume and period, there are two other things you might do. You might underscore as farce the exaggeration always present in the play and now increased by the two decades that have passed since it was written. Or you might rewrite it more extensively than has been done or adapt it, anything you choose, in more up-to-date terms. Or at least you will not leave the play so much as it was in its own day and then stick in spots like the allusion to prohibition.

These little stupidities in the theater must forever remain mysteries to the uninitiate. Who can say how they arise?

They arise partly from the fact that the actor sees himself in a light different from that in which most people see themselves. This special light is a part of his endowment as an actor, it can give him ego, personality, glamor, absurdity, magnetism, publicity, poignancy, as the case may be. From this fact he gets terribly mixed up about whatever involves him; actors are notoriously poor critics of their own stage passages.

They arise partly from the fact that the theater depends with fearful immediacy on the public. More than in any other art it is hard for the theater artist to think of what he wants himself, as independent of what his audience wants or expects.

They arise also from the tendency of the theater to move in its own rut. We wonder sometimes if theater people live in a closed world, and if no advice from the outside ever reaches them. We know already that often nobody can tell them anything, not even the dramatist who wrote the play.

III

It is interesting to observe in a play of the epoch of "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" how much more exposition there is, and how much more pains are put on the exposition, as compared to the amount and the kind of exposition in plays like "The Show-Off," "The Front Page" or others of this day.

For one thing, these older plays were closer to the elaborate craft of Scribe, Sardou and other Frenchmen, and of Ibsen, their follower and moralizer. More conscience about laying down the framework was in the air then, more conviction of the necessity for carefuly preparing the ground. Technique was a more serious and more self-conscious matter.

But a more fundamental and general basis for this difference, and one going much farther back toward the source, rests on the fact that the dramatist of that other generation felt it necessary to explain, to excuse, to justify, to square his themes and characters with the conventions and bases of the society in which he lived. Now there is less to square your play with, less conviction, less formidable standards, less need for ingratiating and conciliating. Things nowadays are taken more as they are, or appear to be, on the face of them. The dramatist can sail in, taking for granted what he chooses, so long as he is entertaining; and fearing no mental or moral rigidities, so long as his stuff is—at the best—alive, or—at the worst—lively.

As regards this freedom and elimination in approach our present dramatic technique parallels that of our painting and other arts.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Questionnaire for Mr. Epstein

SIR: Ignorant exponents of the doctrine of a universal prosperity base their theory in large part on the following two major assumptions: (1) increased amount of savings and increased number of depositors in American banks; (2) wide distribution and ownership of industrial stock among employees. In refuting these claims, Mr. Epstein has succeeded in making quite a respectable mountain out of a mole hill. When he collected his pay for this mass of statistics and what have you, he no doubt justified, in his own eyes, the expenditure of the time and effort used in writing and printing it, and the time spent by readers who thought they were going to find out something.

If it is true that 40 percent of all factories that are operating today are doing so at a loss (temporarily), this is nothing to worry about. It is only a symptom of the passing of the old order of things, when the rich got richer, and the poor got children, with nothing to look forward to but eating, sleeping and working. As well try to pry into an atom with a yard-stick as attempt to measure present-day prosperity with a dollar mark. Or—granting the propriety of the use of such time-worn methods by monomaniacs, who wear coins for eye-glasses and who are thus unable to see the more modern signs just beyond the ends of their noses—why not make the answers to the following questions the true measure of the purchasing power of the almighty dollar?

Comparing the dollar to a machine, or to a man, as a producer, what will a dollar buy in service: of better living conditions, of better working conditions, of better playing conditions; of leisure: allowing increased time for thought; of education: through the movies, the radio, the automobile, and proper schooling of the masses?

Shrinkage of the average bank accounts of individuals is not a true measure of their savings. They are saving in other ways—investing huge sums in real estate, in bonds and in good stocks. Good business men keep in the bank only enough money to meet current bills and expenses, with a small reserve for emergency. They rely on credit to supply funds for out-of-the-ordinary undertakings that come up from time to time. As the credit of the average individual is recognized by business as greater than ever before, why should he not do likewise? Is it not true that, because of recent advances in science and engineering, and the rapid turnover of goods and money under modern methods of merchandising, a dollar will buy for a man today more of the things that make life worth living than it ever would before? If not, let us throw out the dollar as a unit of measurement of real prosperity, and substitute labor overtime, the earning power, and the buying power of the individual.

Prosperity can no longer be measured by semi-stagnant hoardings. Would not a far better guide be the proportion of public charges to the population: broken-down wage slaves, insane wives of farmers, poorly clothed, under-nourished and ignorant children; the condition of the public health; the lowering of the death rate, etc.?

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What about the future? The American people are throwing off one of the greatest burdens man has ever borne—the inferiority complex. They are cultivating in its place the wonderful uplifting forces of assurance, self-confidence and ambition that will enable them to carry through any of the "darker phases" born in the imaginations of gloomy bankers who presume to measure the prosperity of the greatest, happiest, most prosperous people ever gathered together on the face of the earth, by the number of these people's dollars they can sequester in their own private vaults, for their own enrichment.

I am not a socialist, an anarchist, or a laborite. I am a "hard-nosed" business man, out after the dollar for what it will do for me and mine. But I ask you—when Mr. Epstein requires all of that space for a gloomy whine that proves nothing, why dignify it by reproduction in a magazine of the standing of The New Republic?

CHARLES L. SMITH.

Minneapolis, Minn.

The Case for Religion

SIR: Mr. Orton's reply to my letter opens issues which I would gladly debate with him if space permitted. He does not, however, offer to defend the logic used in the December 26 issue of The New Republic. This logic is, as I contended, defective. Perhaps I was not as explicit as I should have been in attempting to expose the fallacy in reasoning.

Clearing away all irrelevant matter and exposing the chain of the logic used, we have the following:

Premise 1. Knowledge is attainable only in so far as the knower has experience of situations or categories other than the one in question.

Premise 2. Some things are rationally knowable.

Conclusion: Therefore, there exists some radically different type of being or substance from the rationally knowable.

The above is preposterous as a chain of logic. There is no connection whatever between the premises and the conclusion. It would, on the other hand, be equally fallacious to conclude that there does not exist some type of being or substance radically different from the manifestation of nature or the rationally knowable. Neither conclusion follows from the premises. The only conclusion which follows in strict logic is that we have experiences with more than one situation or category, which I think no one would deny. I am assuming, of course, that rational knowledge, if not synonymous with knowledge, is part of the field of knowledge.

If I have not stated the premises correctly or if I have placed them in a wrong order, or both, I welcome correction. This argument will be ended if Mr. Orton will state his premises and conclusion in a syllogism conforming to the commonly accepted principles of logic.

J. HERBERT BLACKHURST.

Des Moines, Ia.

A Bibliography of John Dewey

SIR: A bibliography of the writings of John Dewey, on which I have been at work for some time, is nearly ready to be sent to the printer. This bibliography will record all of Professor Dewey's printed works from the earliest, 1882, up to the time of going to press, also everything of importance which has been published about him in this country and abroad. All the sources available in New York have been gone through carefully, but it is not unlikely that considerable material in journals of local interest and limited circulation, which could not be discovered through indices and other works of reference, may have escaped me. I am therefore appealing through your magazine for suggestions from readers as to obscure titles, or any material that will, in their opinion, help to complete this bibliography. I shall be very grateful for any material of this sort sent to me at the Columbia University Library, New York City.

MILTON HALSEY THOMAS.

New York City.

Prohibition Ethics

SIR: We have failed to enforce prohibition. Why? Because those who voted for it have failed to finish their task, but have only begun it.

We should finish our vote for this great law by reporting to the proper authorities the names of those who we know are selling and distributing liquor, and we should refrain from breaking the law ourselves. If a person will break one law, he will break other laws. . . .

Probably we will have to offer some kind of an incentive to get the people to do their part in enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment. Here are a few suggestions.

A certain sum of money could be offered each year by each state in the Union to the citizen of their state reporting the most cases of liquor-selling which have resulted in an arrest.

Give to those reporting cases of liquor-selling a "100-percent-citizen-and-patriot-of-United-States-of-America" certificate, signed by the President, and suitable for framing. Possessing this certificate would show that they are citizens who help to carry out the law, and do not indulge in liquor themselves.

Why not have a National Prohibition Flag, and have a National Prohibition Flag Day, throughout the country, each year? This will arouse enthusiasm and make it a live and important law, to the citizens of the United States of America.

FRANCIS MODNIKER, Jr.

Winthrop, Mass.

The Candy White List

SIR: So many requests followed my earlier letter in The New Republic, offering the New York City Candy White List to all who would write for it, that I am led to announce a second White List of confectioners in three states—New York, New Jersey, and Cleveland, Ohio.

This combined list includes ninety-two firms, each of which pays its beginners $14 a week, works them no more than fifty hours each week, and provides a clean, comfortable factory wherein sanitation is scrupulously safeguarded.

We hope this extended list will be the first of a series in which other state leagues will shortly be included. Meantime, it may be had without cost by writing to the Consumers' League of New York, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

MARY D. BLANKENHORN,
Publicity Secretary.

New York City.

Legal Reform in Massachusetts

SIR: Sharing your disappointment that the General Court of Massachusetts has not yet changed the procedure which forbids the Supreme Court to review the facts of a criminal case on appeal, I venture to correct some details in your recent short editorial on the subject. You say (March 27): "Shortly after the ending of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, a bill was introduced in the Massachusetts legislature, sponsored by the Bar Association, to remedy this condition by giving the Supreme Court the right to review the facts as well as the law. . . . Nineteen months after the execution of these two famous prisoners, the bill has only just been reported out of committee—and adversely."

What really happened was this: Last year, in the session of 1928, a bill to this effect was introduced by the Judicial Council, a permanent body made up of judges and distinguished lawyers, which annually recommends improvements in court practice. This bill was adversely reported and defeated. This year—session of 1929—the Massachusetts Bar Association introduced two bills, one giving the Supreme Court the power to stay executions pending the decision of judicial questions, the other giving it the right, as before, to review the facts. The first of these was favorably reported, passed, and signed. The second received the report, "Next annual session," which was accepted.

What has actually happened, therefore, while disappointing, is not discouraging, as it marks a distinct advance even on the part

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of the Legislature, while the Bench and Bar have gone emphatically on record for reform. Moreover, I hope you will observe that one thing did not, and could not, happen in Massachusetts—the holding up of a bill for nineteen months. By a rule which is rare, if not unique, in our American legislatures, every bill has to be sent to a committee, which must give it a public hearing and must report it by a given date. "Smothering in committee" is impossible; in this respect, at any rate, Massachusetts is still in the van.

LESLIE W. HOPKINSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

In Support of Agnes Repplier

SIR: In his review of five books dealing with the American frontier and frontiersmen, published in The New Republic of March 6, Mr. Dwight Macdonald proves that he has quite missed the spirit of Agnes Repplier's "Père Marquette." "As decoration," he declares, "it is charming—even better than 'Death Comes for the Archbishop.' . . . The canoes floating on the mile-wide river toward unknown perils—Miss Repplier's treatment of this goes as far as decoration can go. But the danger never becomes real and vulgar enough to make one think, 'Hell, this is a tight place!' And that is the test of such stories."

It is not the test. Miss Repplier, in her account of the life of Père Marquette, and Miss Cather, in her story of the Archbishop, both achieve a greater reality than of a danger that is "real and vulgar." They portray the sense of religious sublimation that belongs to their characters, and that transcends the reality of physical danger or suffering. Even those not in any sense of the faith that led Père Marquette and Jean Latour alike to the frontier may understand the extent to which this sublimation eliminates the sense of danger. Witness the devotions of Latour, lost among the sand hills of New Mexico and obsessed with a thirst so acute that he felt the onset of fever and vertigo. "Empowered by long training, the young priest blotted himself out of his own consciousness and meditated upon the anguish of his Lord. The Passion of Jesus became for him the only reality; the need of his own body was but a part of that conception."

The test, Mr. Macdonald, is whether the spirit of the story recreates the spirit of the man it deals with.

ALTHA LEAH BASS.

Norman, Okla.

The Nicaragua Canal

SIR: You do well to call attention to the status of Nicaragua and to the ballyhoo that is being conducted, not without suspicion of official approval, in support of a campaign for a Nicaragua Canal and the inevitable control of another Central American state, if not, inferentially, of all Central America, by the "colossus of the north." Do the American people want any more burdens of that kind? Or a villa on a volcano?

It is an old but forgotten story, the Nicaragua canal project, which no Central American can dissociate from the filibustering expedition of Walker. There are many reasons why the Nicaragua scheme is impracticable, and all had been completely threshed out before by the adoption of the plan for the now entirely successful Panama Canal. One of these reasons, to which you briefly allude, is the fact that the Central American states unanimously oppose the project, Costa Rica, Salvador and Honduras entering vigorous protests. Linked up with the canal scheme is the Fonseca Bay trick—I can call it nothing else. A glance at the map shows that this bay is the Pacific entrance not only to Nicaragua, but to Salvador and Honduras, and it would, manifestly, be folly for these states to allow another and a stronger power to establish a Gibraltar at their portals. Again, looking southward, the San Juan River, along which the Atlantic section of the canal would lie, is, like our Rio Grande and St. Lawrence, a boundary between two states, and neither has the power to surrender a right-of-way to another government. For the United States to seize it is unthinkable.

But there is another objection to the Nicaragua project. Passing by the political difficulties, which are of themselves sufficiently serious, there are the natural guardians of the path, the fiery protectors of the republic, the volcanoes, against which no devices of the engineers can oppose the slightest protection. I quote from an article by General Abbott in the Engineering Magazine for January, 1902. "The danger of earthquakes, very formidable for the locks of a modern ship-canal, is much greater in Nicaragua than in Panama—fifty shocks at San José recently against five slight tremors at Panama." And San José on the Atlantic side, he might have added, is furthest removed from the volcanic zone.

Writing of Nicaragua in 1852, E. G. Squier said: "This isthmus region is the very headquarters of volcanic agency. Its vents are not few and far between . . . but the whole coast bristles with volcanic cones, from the great volcanoes of Cartago to the fire and water volcanoes of Guatemala," and he gives a catalogue of about fifty peaks with recognized names and more besides. Obviously, it is the last place on earth for a canal.

But why worry about a new and untried project when the Panama engineers told us, a year ago, that they have anticipated congestion and have considered the feasibility of doubling facilities along the beaten path of the present canal?

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

Boulder, Colo.

Material for the Life of du Chaillu

SIR: I am engaged in gathering material for a life of the African explorer, the late Paul B. du Chaillu. If any of your readers possesses unpublished letters from him or documents concerning him, scientific or otherwise, I should be very grateful to have an opportunity to examine them with a view to making use of them in my work which, so far as I know, will be the first to appear in any language. All originals communicated to me either directly, or through my publishers, Messrs. Harper and Brothers, 49 East Thirty-Third Street, New York—who were also du Chaillu's publishers—will be handled with the greatest care and will be promptly returned to their owners as soon as copies have been made. My address is 23 rue de la Ferme, Neuilly-sur-Seine, France.

MICHEL VAUCAIRE.

Neuilly-sur-Seine, France.

Congress and the Supreme Court

SIR: A railway conductor died in a collision. The station agent knew the opposite train was coming but said nothing when that death train rolled out of his station. Was this conductor's death caused, in part, by the negligence of the station agent? The highest court of the state of New York said "yes." The Supreme Court of the United States said "no." The conductor had his rule not to leave this station until the approaching train was in. He broke that rule. Conductor and station agent both were negligent. Was the death caused in part by the negligence of *each*? The highest court of New York said "yes." The Supreme Court of the United States said "no"—*because* the Supreme Court saw no sign that the conductor would have *heeded* had he been *warned* that the other train was coming.

To drive ahead thus would have been intended suicide and murder. The court exalts a fantasy, not a judgment—a judicial structure in the air without foundation in fact, and in consequence the survivors of the deceased recovered no damages. The national statute is that if this death was caused in part by the negligence of the station agent, damages for the death could be recovered.

If the Supreme Court can thus, without foundation, override one act of Congress, it can override every act of Congress, and we have glided smoothly from a republic into an oligarchy. There was no question of constitutionality.

The case mentioned is Umatilla Valley Railway Company *vs.* Caldine, 49 S. Ct. 91.

WILLIAM HENRY HALLAM.

Portland, Ore.

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Dos Passos and the Social Revolution

Airways, Inc., by John Dos Passos. New York: The Macaulay Company. 148 pages. $2.

JOHN DOS PASSOS' "Airways, Inc.," was produced in March as the last play of the second season of the New Playwrights' Theater, and almost entirely failed to attract attention. This was due, principally, I believe, to the fact that by that time the critics had become rather discouraged with the social revolutionary drama of Grove Street and that the New Playwrights themselves were so low in funds that they could not afford proper publicity. None the less, "Airways" was a remarkable play, perhaps the best that the New Playwrights have produced; and though this is not the place to speak of the merits of the production, which were considerable, the published text demands attention as an excellent piece of literature.

"Airways," like the other plays of the New Playwrights, is a social-political-economic fable; but Dos Passos is more intelligent than most of his associates—he is able to enter into more points of view—and he is a better artist. "Airways" is neither a naturalistic study nor a vaudeville in the manner of Lawson, though it has some of the elements of both; it is rather a sort of dramatic poem of modern America. With great ingenuity Dos Passos has assembled on a single suburban street-corner representatives of most of the groups and classes which go to make up our society. We see the life of a single middle-class household, but it is submerged in a larger world: its fate is inextricably bound up with a real-estate boom; a strike, which gives rise to a Sacco-Vanzetti incident; and the promotion of a commercial aviation company. Nor, as is likely to be the case in plays of this kind, are the social types merely abstractions which never persuade the imagination. Dos Passos has succeeded in producing the illusion that behind the little suburban street-corner of the Turners lies all the life of a great American city—all the confusion of America itself; and "Airways" made the meager stage of the Grove Street Theater seem as big as any stage I have ever seen. Dos Passos has also given the household of the Turners an extension in time as well as in space: he has provided a chorus of two old men, an American inventor and a Hungarian revolutionist, who have the effect of relating what we see to what has gone before in history and to what is likely to come after.

It is in the construction of this sort of sociological fable that Dos Passos particularly excels. The strength of his novel, "Manhattan Transfer," lay in the thoroughness and the firm hand with which he performed a similar anatomy of society. "Airways" labors under certain disadvantages in comparison to "Manhattan Transfer": Dos Passos is less expert as a dramatist than as a novelist. He sometimes interrupts his action with long passages of monologue, which, however readable they might be in a novel, discourage our attention in the theater; and his last act, though the two separate scenes are excellent in themselves, fails to draw the different strands together as we expect the third act of a play to do. But, on the other hand, "Airways," at its best, has an eloquence and a spirit which "Manhattan Transfer" is largely without. It is one of the best-written things Dos Passos has done, and perhaps freer than any other of his productions both from rhetoric doing duty for feeling and from descriptions too relentlessly piled up. Dos Passos is probably only now arriving at his mature prose style. I quote one of the speeches of his Hungarian professor:

> I was working as a stevedore loading melons into a barge. It was a moist spring day, the sun setting in pinkish steam over the river. I was eighteen and happy to be away from the stuffy wrangling rooms of the university. I was eighteen. Every time I moved it was pleasure, the twist and untwist of my arms, my fingers tightening round the great smooth melons. The others were shaggly, loose-mouthed riverloafers. At first they laughed and yelled at me for my clumsiness, but then I caught the knack and we worked smoothly as a song. When the boat was loaded, I sat full of sweat on the edge of the wharf, looking down into the swirling river. All down the river, all over the world, work and fatigue flowed in a rhythm like a song.

So much for the purely artistic aspect of "Airways." It is impossible to discuss it further without taking into account Dos Passos' political philosophy. Dos Passos is apparently a social revolutionist: he believes that, in the United States, as elsewhere, the present capitalistic regime is some day destined to be overthrown by a class-conscious proletariat. And his disapproval of capitalistic society becomes a distaste for all the beings who compose it. In "Manhattan Transfer," it was not merely New York, but humanity which came off badly: Dos Passos, in exposing the diseased organism, had the effect, though not, I believe, the intention, of damning the sufferers along with the disease. And even when he seemed to desire to make certain of his characters sympathetic, he had a way of putting them down.

Now there are, in "Airways," several characters which Dos Passos has succeeded in making attractive or admirable, but they are in every case either social revolutionaries or their sympathizers. His bias against capitalism is so strong that it extends not merely to all its official representatives, but even to all those human beings whose only fault is to have been born where it prevails and to have been so lacking in perspicacity and zeal as not to have allied themselves with its opponents. In Dos Passos, not only must the policeman always steal the money with which the street-kids have been playing craps; but even the younger generation of "Airways," who, for all their irresponsibilities and immoralities, might be expected to have at least the charm of youth, become more and more ugly as the play proceeds till they finally go completely to pieces, in a drunken restaurant scene which is one of Dos Passos' masterpieces of corrosive vulgarity. It is especially curious to see the treatment which the American aviators receive at the hands of both Dos Passos and Lawson. The aviator is one of the authentic heroes which our American civilization now produces. But for Dos Passos and Lawson, the aviator cannot be an authentic genius or hero, because he is not on the side of the social revolution. The truth is, of course, that the aviator of the type of Lindbergh or Byrd never troubles himself with these questions at all and, even when, as in the case of Lindbergh, he is exploited for a time by the government, he exists and performs his achievements in a world independent of politics. But for Dos Passos and Lawson, he is suspect: they cannot let him get away with anything, and eventually they succeed in degrading or destroying him. In Lawson's play, "The International," the Lindbergh character, as I remember, turns up as a drunken taxi-driver—or perhaps merely as a drunken bum in a taxi—amid the débâcle of the capitalistic state; and in "Airways," the young aviator is sent up by the agents of the capitalist employers to scatter leaflets on a

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strikers' meeting—but he is drunk, and falls and breaks his back.

Now the life of middle-class capitalistic America—even in a great city like New York—is not so unattractive as Dos Passos makes it—no human life under any conditions can ever have been so unattractive. Even under an unequal distribution of wealth, human beings are still capable of affection, enthusiasm and enjoyment—even of integrity and courage. Nor are these qualities and emotions entirely confined to class-conscious workers. When one has read a novel or seen a play by Dos Passos, one finds oneself moved to rush to the defense of even the American bathroom, even the Ford car—which, after all, one begins to reflect, have perhaps done as much to save the people from their helplessness, ignorance and squalor as the prophets of revolution have done.

And we begin to reflect upon the relation, in Dos Passos, of political opinions to artistic effects. Might it not, we ask ourselves, be entirely possible—have we not, in fact, frequently seen it occur—for a writer to hold Dos Passos' political opinions, and yet not depict our middle-class republic as a place where no birds sing, no flowers bloom and where the very air is unbreathable and poisonous? For, in Dos Passos, everybody loses out: if he is on the right side of the social question, he has to suffer; if he is on the wrong side, his pleasures are made repulsive. When a man as intelligent as Dos Passos—that is, a man a good deal more intelligent than, say, Michael Gold or Upton Sinclair, who hold similar political views—when so intelligent a man and so good an artist allows his bias so to falsify his picture of life that, in spite of all the accurate observation and all the imaginative insight which have gone into it, its values are partly those of melodrama—we begin to divine some stubborn sentimentalism at the bottom of the whole thing—some sentimentalism of which his misapplied resentments are merely the aggressive side. And hence his political ideas themselves become suspect, because we suspect the processes by which he has arrived at them.

How long will Dos Passos continue to cherish this sentimentalism? His novels, as a rule, show it less than his journalism and his pamphleteering. And one can imagine his writing novels and plays where his sympathy should be spread more evenly and his detachment applied more impartially than in anything he has yet written.

In the meantime, whatever diagnosis we may put upon Dos Passos' infatuation with the social revolution, he remains one of the few irreproachably first-rate figures among the American writers of his generation, and the only one who has tried seriously to study all the aspects and forces of America, and to compose with them a picture which makes sense. Most of the first-rate men of his age—Wilder, Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald—cultivate their own little corners and do not confront the situation as a whole. Only Dos Passos has attempted to confront it. In the fine last speech of "Airways," he allows the moral of his play to rise for the first time close to the surface. The spinster sister of the Turner household has just received the news that the strike leader, with whom she has been in love and who has been the victim of a frame-up by the police, has finally been electrocuted:

> Now I'm beginning to feel it, the house without Walter, the street without him, the city without him, the future that we lived in instead of a honeymoon without him, everything stark without him. Street where I've lived all these years shut up in a matchwood house full of bitterness. City where I've lived walled up in old dead fear. America, where I've scurried from store to subway to church to home, America that I've never known. World where I've lived without knowing. What can I do now that he is gone and that he has left me full of scalding wants, what can I do with the lack of him inside me like a cold stone? The house I lived in wrecked, the people I loved wrecked, around me there's nothing but words stinging like wasps. Where can I go down the dark street, where can I find a lover in the sleeping city? At what speed of the wind can I fly away, to escape these words that burn and sting, to escape the lack that is in me like a stone?

And it is true that the lack of real leadership is in America like a stone. It is Dos Passos' recognition of this—his relentless reiteration of his conviction that there is something lacking, something wrong, in America—as well as his insistence on the importace of America—that gives his work its power and its truth. It is equally true, of course, of H. L. Mencken that he finds something wrong and something lacking; but the effect of Mencken on his admirers is to make them wash their hands of politics altogether. He has made it the fashion to regard politics as a farce. And Dos Passos is almost alone among the American writers of his generation in continuing to take the social organism seriously. EDMUND WILSON.

The International Scene

The New World, by Isaiah Bowman. Yonkers-on-Hudson: World Book Company. 803 pages. $4.80.

Survey of International Affairs, 1926, by Arnold J. Toynbee. New York: Oxford University Press. 565 pages. $8.50.

NOTHING is more welcome these days to harassed students of human conduct than compact surveys of current economic and political affairs by competent authorities who combine technical knowledge with capacity for lucid exposition. Especially are we fortunate in having two volumes of this character which admirably supplement each other. The one, by Dr. Bowman, a fourth edition of his well known work, gives us microscopic glimpses into the interior of all the countries spread out on the surface of our globe—their economic, racial, political, and geographical problems, closely geared up with events of recent years. Although 257 maps give it the appearance of a treatise in technology, it is really a freely running commentary on the whole world panorama, considered in terms of human doings related to boundaries, rivers, railways, ocean lines, natural resources, and international exchange. Is it the Tacna-Arica dispute that perplexes you, or the invasion of the Ruhr, or the contest over Zara, or Italy's imperial ambitions? Very good, the solution of your troubles is here—or at least a clue to the mystery. Moreover, the text is written in a free-hand style that takes it out of the class of reference works and manuals. It can be read in an easy chair late at night. Its very freedom, of course, lays it open to criticism here and there, but such criticism bears so slight a relation to the total effect that it may be easily put out of mind.

The second of our two books, Mr. Toynbee's survey of international affairs for 1926, supplements Dr. Bowman's volume by giving a picture of the relations among nations for that year in the general frame set by the preceding works in this series of annuals. It is not, however, strictly limited to the twelve months described in the bond, for in many cases more distant threads are caught up into the narrative. The first section is dedicated to the League

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of Nations, especially the admission of Germany and the dispute over the composition of the Council, and to a brief survey of the relation of the United States to the permanent court of international justice. In a second section, the inter-Allied debts, their history, settlement, and future problems are discussed and illuminated by a huge array of detail. Then the international steel cartel receives about ten pages. Next follows a review of Southeastern Europe, not overlooking the Little Entente and the Balkan tangles. Departing somewhat from international relations, the survey analyzes rather minutely the internal situation or chaos of China, with due respect to international bearings. After China comes the Pacific at large: Japanese foreign policy, mandates, the Philippines, revolt in the Dutch Netherlands, and Chinese immigration. An appendix of important papers and a chronology of events and treaties rounds out the tableau. While not an artistically balanced account of the year in international affairs (owing to the plan of the series to which it belongs), it covers thoroughly its selected themes in a sober, British fashion.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

The Economics of Diplomacy

Economic Foreign Policy of the United States, by Benjamin H. Williams. New York: The McGraw-Hill Book Company. 426 pages. $4.

IN an age and a country dominated no less completely by business ideology and the money economy than by peace societies and enthusiastic research organizations, it is surprising that so little attention has been given to the vital forces behind our foreign policy. There are plenty of books dealing with "dollar diplomacy" and vaguely fighting the demon of "imperialism" which, as one writer boldly suggests, is "creeping over us as a part of the materialistic spirit of our times." There is a surplus of doctoral dissertations devoted to section 317 of the Tariff Act of 1922 and of monographs and information digests, meticulously prepared and copiously annotated. But in books analyzing and interpreting our foreign policy in terms of the sweeping and dynamic forces of modern economic life, we are sadly lacking.

Professor Williams has at least the virtue—or is it the vice?—of attempting to think through and to understand and interpret as well as to "research" into our economic diplomacy. His book is based upon the proposition that "the improvement of national economic conditions by political means is an effort worthy of the highest statesmanship," and that "it is salutary and wise to direct policies toward making better the material circumstances of life."

While a minority of the faithful, who prefer stones to bread and to whom prosperity and contentment are the twin curses of materialism, will denounce with all the wrath of their self-righteous Puritanism anything that has to do with the economic motive, the vast majority of us will accept this as an extremely adequate and sensible statement of the aims of economic diplomacy. Having accepted it, however, we are left with the vastly more difficult problem of determining where, out of the complexities and confusions of our economic and political relationships, our self-interest lies.

Professor Williams enlightens us by an exceedingly able and lengthy review of what he aptly calls "the diplomacy of investment" and the "diplomacy of commerce." Against the background of our changed and changing international economic and political position, he gives a discriminating and well balanced account of our governmental policy with respect to the promotion and protection of our trade and investment interests in various parts of the world. Much of the ground has been covered before, but this book has the unusual virtue of seeing our policies and interests as a unified whole rather than in isolated bits. His discussion of raw materials and "due process" doctrine in relation to the Mexican land and oil laws is especially to be commended.

With all the technical proficiency that he brings to this study, however, there is only the vaguest hint as to how our economic diplomacy can be made to serve the function of improving our national economic life and at the same time avoid the dangers of war. The clear exposition of our economic foreign policies with which he provides us, valuable as it is, does not go far enough. "The economic diplomacy of the United States is in its infancy. The giant industrial and commercial forces that have recently been unleashed have yet to find their full manifestation in governmental policies." The time has passed when it is possible to question the propriety of the use of governmental power for the promotion of economic ends. That is inherent in the nature of modern industry. The business man, not only in the United States but in other countries of western civilization, has "reached his place in the sun." The only remaining question is how diplomacy will be able to reconcile conflicting business interests. Is it possible for scholarship to enlighten us?

LEWIS WEBSTER JONES.

The Cocktail Hour

Quartet, by Jean Rhys. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

Peter the Drunk, by Charles Wertenbaker. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Humdrum, by Harold Acton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Decline and Fall, by Evelyn Waugh. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

WHY PEOPLE read book reviews has always been beyond me, but why they read the kind of book noticed here is not so difficult to figure out. Every one of these stories bristles with attractive and immoral people, and he will be a very stout fellow indeed who is not moved by at least one of them to think more kindly of sin.

"Quartet" is modestly commended by its publishers (who have gone far to establish themselves as modest commenders) as a "brilliant novel of the game of adultery in the Latin Quarter," but this does the book less than justice. Adultery, that extremely Biblical, not to say legal, term, can hardly be applied to the cat-and-mouse relations in which Miss Rhys' people are caught. Marya and her gypsy-like husband, Stephan, lead a happy, irregular existence in Paris. Stephan's equivocal business lands him in jail, and Marya is taken in by the Heydlers, a careful couple on the fringe of the artistic colony. Heydler is a brute, but a good one, and though he soon has Marya where he wants her, he does his best to be "kind." Between his "kindness" and his wife's persistent hatred, Marya disintegrates; and when Stephan comes out of jail, and they all try to settle down as they were before, the devil gets his usual fee. The story itself is good enough, and true enough, but it's in the telling that Miss Rhys scores another for the school of simplicity. Though the writing is not a bit like Hemingway's, its negative qualities

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are the same—it leaves out everything irrelevant. Though Miss Rhys does not often achieve Hemingway's harsh silences, by her restraint and economy she manages often to get the same effect of inevitability ("This is a plain tale: it happened *so*"); her people are quiet even in their violence, under a sky that is like the ceiling of a prison.

"Peter the Drunk" is not nearly so good as "Boojum," Mr. Wertenbaker's first book. For one thing, a drunk is not such a grand and glorious figure in a large and unappreciative world as he may have been in college. Peter, the hero, has already outlived his usefulness by graduating (or did he just leave?) from the University of Virginia. He has married a popular and attractive girl, a "good egg," but a Northerner, who has been brought up in a quaint New England fashion, and frowns on drinking before breakfast. Peter's friends and her friends somehow don't take to each other. The climax of the story, and the last big party, is the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, of which Mr. Wertenbaker does not (to speak delicately) make an attractive picture. Is it possible that the author of "Boojum" has written a tract against intemperance? At any rate, he remains a first-rate imitator of Hemingway. Let us hope that he continues to follow his leader until he catches him up.

Where was Mr. Acton's fairy godmother when he named his novel "Humdrum"? This unconscious self-criticism is more severe than any that is likely to be inflicted on him by a conscienceless reviewer. We can only agree; the book, though brilliantly intended, is actually boring. Linda and Joan, the two protagonists, are daughters of the same anxious and forbidding mother, but Linda is clever and unprincipled, makes several progressively successful marriages, and gets her picture in the papers, as part of the scenery of the Lido, Cannes, Deauville, *et al.* Joan starts out promisingly enough as "mother's girl," a popular bridesmaid and in due time an eminently respectable bride; but the attractions of Linda's career are just too much for her, and when her husband and baby conveniently consume themselves in a fire, she leaps into her sister's circle and makes a spectacle of herself which the reader has every right to expect will be in some mild degree entertaining, but which is just the opposite. As a novelist, Mr. Acton is not only precious, but world-weary. Life, as he knows it, is apparently "Humdrum." But perhaps he has still more disillusioning years ahead of him.

"Decline and Fall," whose author is a contemporary, friend, and apparently admirer of Mr. Acton's, is quite out of "Humdrum's" class. It is that all-too-rare phenomenon, a good nonsense novel. Its author has had the happy inspiration to take nothing seriously, and least of all himself. The result is a book which makes more sense than most. Paul Pennyfeather, the simple-minded hero, is studying at Oxford for holy orders, when he unfortunately runs into the members of an aristocratic club, full of drink and the English sense of humor, is promptly "debagged" (removed from his trousers), and as promptly expelled by the college authorities for disgraceful behavior. His subsequent adventures include school-teaching at a far from model institution; a love-affair with a beautiful lady who turns out to be in Mrs. Warren's profession, though on a grand and South American scale; and prison, to which he is very properly consigned for being mixed up in the shady business. Through all these changes and chances he keeps his simple-minded rectitude. Mr. Waugh makes us snicker oftener than he makes us laugh, but it is not his fault that he was born an Englishman.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

An Under-Dog Book

Stealing Through Life, by Ernest Booth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 308 pages. $3.

A UNIQUE book this—written by a convict dedicated "fraternally" to a brace of fellow convicts and—fraternally—reviewed by an ex-convict. It is a big achievement to have written any kind of a book at Folsom Prison, California, where convicts fry in summer and freeze in winter and think only from their stomachs. Yet here is a young man, at once a lunger and lifer, who looks himself over more critically than he ever "sized up a spot" on the outside, decides he is a total loss, and without sniffle or squawk tells you who he is, what he is and, more important, how he got that way. A great yarn and, submitted to any test, true. A most gripping thriller, away out in front of any fiction, and at the same time a human brief, a case-history for the crime commissions and a source-book for the sociologist. Booth's description of a bank hold-up is the most photographic thing I ever read, and any United States Senator who isn't sufficiently thrilled by it will have to go out and "elevate" a bank himself. No surgeon ever laid bare a festering sore with as much skill as Booth pictures the Texas prison-camp, the bestial overseer, the foul food, the almost unbelievable filth and vermin.

> The captain, his face distorted by rage, wielded the pick-handle like a bludgeon. As the Negro groveled and moaned for mercy "Legree's" frenzy mounted. It reached its zenith when a particularly vicious blow crashed against the black's skull, and blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils. Swinging the club idly, "Legree" regarded the Negro's inert form, then spat tobacco juice upon him. Still holding the crimson weapon the captain strode to where I lay.
>
> "Still too sick to work, bully?"
>
> "Yes, I want to see a doctor."
>
> He regarded me silently, as though considering some problem. He glanced at the battered Negro, then drawled:
>
> "Well, all right. County doctor be here 'bout noon. That nigger is sun-struck—savvy? He fell down and a gravel-wagon run over him 'fore we could carry him to this tent. Get that straight—he's sun struck." He stepped towards the tent-flap, then wheeled about. "Bully, you *bettah* be sick when the doctor tells me 'bout you."

What boy could consider starting on a life of outlawry after reading that, or what girl could think of making underworld connections after this—the finish of a thief's girl?

> "Oh, if I had a gun I'd kill myself!"
>
> Angrily, Red snatched a revolver from his pocket. Believing she would cease to be hysterical if he offered her the means for her self-destruction, he held the gun before her.
>
> "Here's a rod—blow your brains out if you want —or shut up and have a drink."—
>
> So quick I could scarce believe it she caught the revolver from his hand, inserted the muzzle into her mouth and pulled the trigger. The glass from a shattered picture on the wall tinkled to the floor as she collapsed on the lounge.

Not pleasant reading, but the book isn't all that way. There are brighter spots; the young boy, imaginative,

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likable, trusting, succumbing to the lure of the gang, the speeding auto, adventure, taking his first step on the hard road. And how inevitable each succeeding step is, until he stops—a numbered bag of bones in the T. B. ward of a tough prison! I don't see why I should point any morals or draw any conclusions: Booth hasn't, anywhere in his book. He has left them between the lines, for the reader, and he was wise. A remarkable story—its author in prison. Did he go down or did he go up? I think he went up and that he might go farther up. But—the California State Board of Prison Directors has ruled that prisoners may no longer write anything for publication, and that no more books will be released from either San Quentin or Folsom. If this order fits into any scheme for the correction, instruction and reformation of convicts, I cannot see it; it is too deep for me and I pass it along to the crime commissions. *There's one for them to ponder.*

JACK BLACK.

Leaders of Philosophy

Spinoza, by Leon Roth. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 241 pages. $3.

Leibniz, by Herbert Wildon Carr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 219 pages. $3.

THIS SERIES gets off to a good start with a sharp difference of opinion between the authors of the first two books. Each appears boldly as the champion of the man he writes about. Professor Roth claims for Spinoza an important influence upon almost all of Leibniz's ideas: Professor Carr denies, much too vehemently, that there was any influence worth mentioning. In this he shows himself not only a stout henchman, but also an apt pupil of Leibniz, who was at pains to maintain this same ungenerous attitude toward "the genius of the Hague."

That Spinoza should have influenced a thinker so different from himself as Leibniz is only surprising at first glance. Leibniz's debt to him is, as Professor Roth points out, of much the same order as the debt that Atomism owes to Eleaticism. What Spinoza said of the whole, Leibniz found applicable to those rehabilitated atoms, his monads.

In accordance with the plan of this series, Professor Roth has attempted to give an estimate of Spinoza's system while retaining as far as possible Spinoza's own words. Spinoza does not readily lend himself to this treatment. His importance is due to the unique unity and depth of his world-view, which has captivated philosophers and men of letters alike since his time. And an understanding of this world-view is to be attained only by a careful study of Spinoza's own works as a whole. It is much to Professor Roth's credit that he has succeeded in making Spinoza more accessible and has given a clear conception of the kind of magic that emanated from this Dutch Jew who ground lenses, watched spiders fight and left a challenge to all subsequent western thought.

Leibniz's elaborate and artificial system has long since crumbled under the cumulative attack of its critics. Professor Carr describes it, but makes no effort to defend it. He leaves the Supreme Monad in the same exalted isolation that Leibniz prepared for him. He does, however, explain the development of German idealism from the seeds that Leibniz sowed, and he mentions the importance in modern biology of Leibniz's conception of "entelechy." Moreover, he is most successful in describing Leibniz's gift of brilliant scientific analysis which enabled him to recognize the self-contradiction in the metaphysical assumptions of Newton and so, in a sense, to anticipate the Theory of Relativity.

These books constitute excellent introductions to two of the leaders of western thought. They also furnish convenient summaries of the sources, times and influence of their subjects. The series as a whole ought to be a very useful one.

DENVER LINDLEY.

The Unconscious at Large

Psychoanalysis and Education, by Barbara Low. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 224 pages. $2.25.

THE psychoanalytic school has now reached the third stage of its development: It started out as a therapeutic technique for mental illness, but soon showed the application of its findings to the everyday behavior of normal people, thus moving toward prevention. Miss Low's book, "Psychoanalysis and Education," is among the first to show the application of psychoanalysis to education and, therefore, to the prevention of maladjustment and mental illness.

A system of education based upon psychoanalysis would have as its goal adaptation rather than achievement, for the former conditions the latter. Adaptation would be advanced with the aid of the school psychoanalyst and teachers—enlightened, through psychoanalysis, as to the influence of the unconscious on the conscious in themselves and in their pupils; as to such processes as identification, repression, and sublimation; as to the effect of the emotions on the intellect and the subordination of the latter to the former. The unconscious would be the focus of the psychoanalytic system of education, just as intelligence is the focus of the present system.

Theoretically, the direction indicated by Miss Low seems the correct one to follow. Is not the failure of the present system of education due, in large measure, to the inability of educators to understand the motives of behavior? And how can motives be understood except by delving into the unconscious? Practically, nevertheless, we are inclined to frown upon wholesale tampering with the unconscious. A system of education has an unfortunate way of resolving itself into a large number of rather bungling individuals, never very different from those who have already made a pretty messy job of guiding the conscious development of the child. The caliber of such individuals is, at best, questionable material for psychoanalysis, for the amount of internal illumination any person can stand is proportionate to his intelligence. If this hardly meets the needs of analysis, how much less adequate is it to apply the products of analysis to the lives of others?

Such pessimism may, of course, be unwarranted in the English schools with which Miss Low is acquainted. For our schools in America we shall do better to limit ourselves to those of Miss Low's suggestions which urge the substitution of individual standards, based upon individual needs, for arbitrary and purely intellectual standards, and the addition of a psychologist to the school staff to serve as consultant in teacher-pupil difficulties.

The more fundamental changes, those centering around a deeper insight into the unconscious, must come, not from the educational system itself, but from without. When a sufficiently large number of determined individuals know what they want in the way of education, and demand it, there may be the spectacle of carefully chosen and trained teachers in charge of small groups of children, enjoying

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An Appeal to the Friends of the American Workingclass!

A big strike wave of great significance has opened up in the southern textile mills. Working 10 to 12 hours a day for an average of from 8 to 14 dollars a week, these workers, white and black, have been goaded beyond endurance. On their backs has just been loaded a ferocious speed-up system, doubling and tripling the work and making life absolutely unbearable.

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Driven by these conditions and greatly stimulated by the agitational and organizational work done by the southern organizers of the National Textile Workers Union, the southern mill workers are now beginning to strike back. Under the leadership of our union a strike of 3,000 workers has taken place in Gastonia, North Carolina, in one of the biggest mills of the South. At once workers have been arrested. Companies of troops have been rushed in. More troops are on the way. Our organizers are carrying on their work in the greatest personal peril. But the strikers are holding firm and the strike wave is spreading.

The southern textile workers have been the most exploited of all. They are waking up. They refuse longer to drag down the standards of the northern workers. They want a decent standard of living, and the right to form a union of their own.

Funds are urgently needed for further organization work at once. We appeal to you to rush all funds to the National Textile Workers Union of America, *104 Fifth Avenue,* New York City.

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together a natural intimacy. It may even come to pass that, under such circumstances, the child's unconscious will be nearer the surface and require less probing and gauging at the hands of teachers, psychoanalyzed and otherwise.

AUGUSTA ALPERT.

Americana

The Devil Is a Woman, by Alice Mary Kimball. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 128 pages. $2.50.

THIS BOOK ought to sell well in the metropolis. In it the rustics of New England behave in a manner which somehow or other New Yorkers have been taught to expect. Their antique, cramped humor is really pulsing with the sexual energies; even though the efflorescence of their love-life can only be compared, in Nature, with an Adam's apple breaking out into bloom.

Eleven longish poems, uniformly presented from the woman's point of view, compose the book. The longest, and also the best, has to do with "The Mating Flight of Stasia Whitsett." This back-country patrician was so pinched by the rigors of blood and environment that she had to wait thirty-odd years—then only to marry an Italian immigrant, who sang at the plow. Such a consummation was maneuvered by a six-months' fainting spell, consequent on altercations with the Ku-Klux, during which the neighbors' spleen gradually turned to milk. The episodes are lively, plentifully spiced with humor, and an occasional lyric impulse sprays their atmosphere. The poem is less vitiated than the others by the author's (unconscious) condescension, which exploits her personalities as sources of anecdotes, and "Americana" at that.

Technically speaking, the book represents a collaboration between Robert Frost and Edgar Lee Masters, with H. L. Mencken editing the issue.

ALBERT B. QUIRK.

Fiction Notes

Thy Dark Freight, by Vere Hutchinson. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

LITTLE Janetha Forde is the daughter of a dour, Psalm-singing, Baptist fisherman. Hers is a grim childhood spent in a restricted coastal village of the Lincolnshire marshes. She is driven from home because she is about to bear a child out of wedlock to Yeo Gautby, who is drowned off the Iceland Banks before the baby is born. She earns a lonely, difficult livelihood by fishing, and gradually her competence in this undertaking gains for her the respect of the community. But generations of hard drinking and loose living have made a tradition of insane violence for the Gautby family. An outcropping of this in her son, now grown up, finally drives Janetha to murder him in order to save her new-born grandson from attack. The picture is painted with sincerity and considerable feeling. At times a little more care could have been exercised in the business of writing, but the details for the most part are vivid and aptly chosen, and the book is well planned. Occasionaly Miss Hutchinson is extravagant, but on the whole, she is to be congratulated for not having allowed mere words to cloud her story. Her use of the native dialect, laconic, clipped, rings true.

C. A. C.

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The Lay Confessor, by Stephen Graham. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. GRAHAM'S novel is a profusely decorated structure almost bulbous with incident and documentary facts. Architecturally, it resembles the Kremlin. If its success in concentrating one's attention upon it is not very great, certainly the authenticity of its material cannot be at fault. Nevertheless, one wishes that the two or three finely drawn characters this densely populated narrative contains had been permitted to move in a scene in which decoration is suggested, rather than catalogued. As a document, if not as a work of art, Mr. Graham's novel is of considerable value. One can believe in this strange-gestured Russia, this wintry desolation, and one can believe in this account of the Revolution. Indeed, the whole fault of "The Lay Confessor" is that one can believe in it, but not participate. R. E. L.

Swansea Dan, by Arthur Mason. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

HERE is a novel of sea-wandering on the blue Pacific, not by a romantic landsman, but by a veteran deep-water sailor. Arthur Mason is all sailor and so, therefore, is Swansea Dan. The reality of life unknown to landsmen salts every page of this simple, dramatic story, the Odyssey of a young buck from the San Francisco waterfront who leaves his girl behind for many adventures in the South Seas, to come back at last full circle to the Golden Horn, looking for her. The climax of the book is natural and yet unexpectedly dramatic. The story flows as naturally as a river, and the unassuming, objective method of narration lends the succession of adventures in this log of a human life great authenticity. It is a relief to be carried along without the tortuous psychologizing of a Conrad. H. C.

Contributors

A. N. WHITEHEAD, distinguished British philosopher and physicist, is at present teaching at Harvard. The work of his with which Americans are most familiar is "Science and the Modern World." The essay we print in this issue is part of a chapter from his new volume, "The Aims of Education," to be published by the Macmillan Company this spring.

JACK BLACK, author of "You Can't Win," was for many years a burglar, operating successfully in many American cities. He has done time in a number of cities in America and Canada.

PHILIP WAGNER, a member of the publicity department of the General Electric Company, lives in Schenectady, N. Y. The article by him in this week's issue is, he writes us, founded on fact.

HORTENSE FLEXNER is a professor of English at Bryn Mawr.

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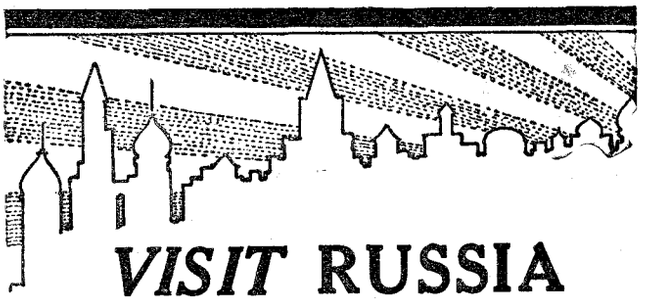

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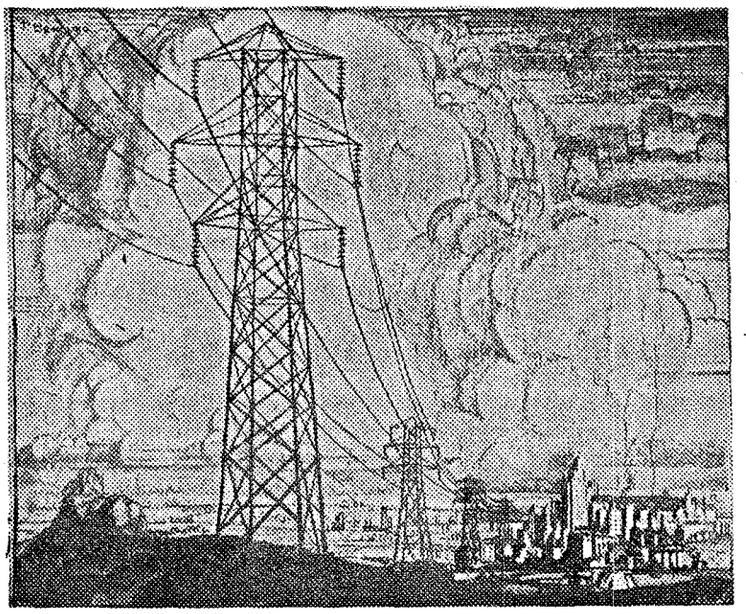

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